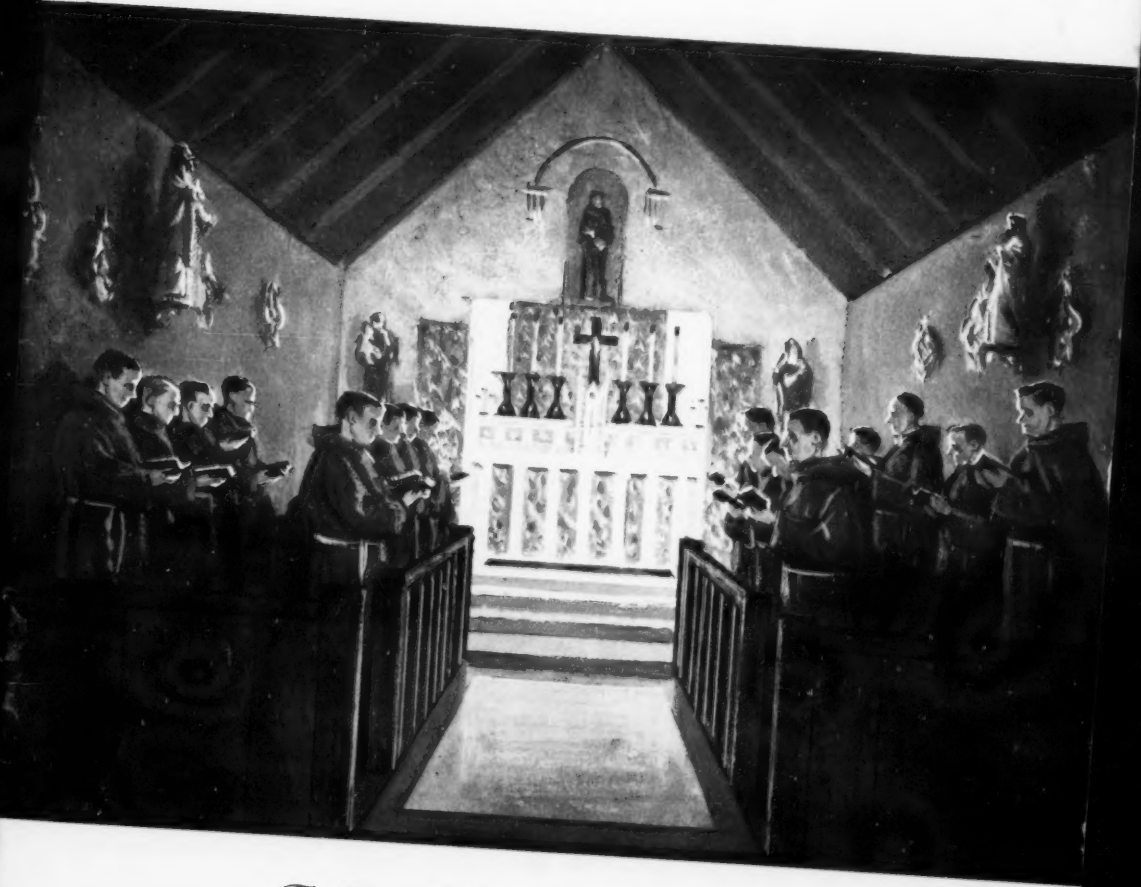
NOVEMBER 1957

The Catholic Lamp

THAT ALL MAY BE ONE

25¢



To Thee O Lord Our Voice We Raise

REV. JEROME PALMER OSB
ST. MEINRAD'S ABBEY
ST. MEINRAD, IND.
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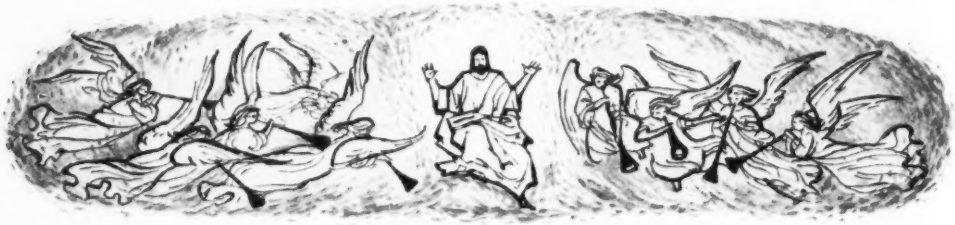
Graymoor's Annuity Plan



"Come, Blessed of My Father"

High on the list of great passages from Holy Scripture is the twenty-fifth chapter of our Lord's Gospel according to St. Matthew. There the Son of God describes what will happen on the last day when He shall return, in His Majesty, and escorted by all the Angels, to judge all nations from the throne of His Glory.

It will be a day of great confusion and personal shame for many, the day of wrath and mourning of which the funeral mass sings. But for the Blessed of God who will reign with Him forever, it will be the day of love's final and glorious triumph. To these Blessed Ones, whom the Angels will place on His Right Hand, the Lord of Life will say: "Come, . . . take possession of the Kingdom prepared for you . . . for I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in; naked and you covered me; sick and you visited me."

To the members of His Mystical Body, these words of Christ do not seem strange. For we know that we are members of Christ, "Bone of His bones and flesh of His flesh," as St. Paul taught the first Christians. Blinded by the very Light of Christ, St. Paul was taught this great doctrine by Christ Himself on the road to Damascus.

After his conversion, St. Paul, Christ's great "vessel of election" traveled up and down Asia Minor, beset by dangers everywhere, and to all he brought the glorious truth that Christ is in the faithful Christian and the faithful Christian is in Christ. Once this great truth is known and accepted, we can better understand the Words of Christ on the last day to the Citizens of His Kingdom, "Inasmuch as you did it to the least of these my Brethren, you did it to me."

GRAYMOOR'S ANNUITY PLAN in teaching you the Wisdom that gives life, shows how you can administer to Christ in His Poor as you enjoy a good income during this life from your investment of one hundred dollars or more. When Christ gathers you to Himself, your gift to the Plan continues to endure as charity, which never dies, even beyond that day of Love's final and glorious triumph when you shall receive from the King of Glory the Crown of Eternal Life.

For fuller details cut out the form below and mail it without delay to me personally.

VERY REVEREND FATHER ANGELUS, S.A.
Graymoor, Garrison, New York

Without Obligation, please send me further information about your Graymoor Annuity Plan.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

send for these 14 beautiful Graymoor Christmas Cards

$1.00 FOR ALL FOURTEEN

including envelopes

The Friars of the Atonement once again present their selections of Christmas Cards. All in six gorgeous colors, with beautiful Nativity scenes and appropriate Christmas Greetings.

Christmas is the day that God came down from Heaven to bring to earth tidings of great joy: it is the day on which Jesus was born; it is the day on which the Angels sang of peace: it is the day on which the lovely Lady Mary first took her Baby and her God into her arms and pressed Him to her tender, virginal breast.

It is fitting that on this day of days you should send warm greetings and best wishes to all your relatives, friends and acquaintances. But do not forget to let your greetings breathe the spirit of the day.

Let your Christmas Cards proclaim your Christian faith and belief. Let them spread the spirit of Christmas as one of love—love of God for men and love of men for one another.

We have chosen these cards because they keep Christ in Christmas. Every one of them treats some aspect of the Birth of Our Lord and stresses the spiritual message of the coming of the Savior.

Furthermore, whatever is realized from the sale of these beautiful Christmas Cards enables the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement to train young men who will extend the Christian faith in their mission fields.

Send for one or more boxes of these beautiful six-color Christmas Cards now.

For every three boxes ordered we will send you a beautiful Bless Our Home Door Plaque in gold lettering on an ivory durable plastic background. Actual size 2½ x 3¾ inches.

FRIARS OF THE ATONEMENT, GRAYMOOR, GARRISON, NEW YORK

Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord . . . that they may rest from their labors. For their works follow them

GRAYMOOR

Purgatorial Society

An ideal way in which to help your beloved dead is by enrolling them in the Graymoor Purgatorial Society. The living may also be enrolled and participate in the spiritual benefits during life and after death. These benefits are: Remembrance in 6,000 Masses offered yearly for the Purgatorial members and a remembrance in 30,000 other Masses, also in the prayers and the spiritual work of the Friars

PURGATORIAL SOCIETY
Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, Graymoor, Garrison, New York
Dear Father: Enclosed please find enrollment as I have indicated below:

Full payment $_____ Partial payment $_____

_____ Living / Deceased
Single membership $5.00

Send to_____
Street_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____

_____
Family membership—Living and Deceased—$25.00

Enrolled by_____
Street_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan

The Lamp

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO CHRISTIAN UNITY AND MISSIONS

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See inside front cover for details

This Month

The Divine Office

In each of our houses where four or more friar priests and clerics are stationed we gather three times a day, early in the morning, at noon, and again about 5 o'clock in the evening to chant the Divine Office like the friars pictured on our cover. Based primarily on the Book of Psalms, the Divine Office is so arranged day by day that each one of the 150 Psalms is recited once a week. Included also are short excerpts from other books of the Bible, accounts of the lives of the saints, and selections from the writings of the Doctors of the Church. There are also hymns, canticles, responsories and orations.

We chant the Office in Latin, alternately. That is, one side of the choir chants one verse of a psalm or one stanza of a hymn and the other side chants the next verse or stanza. Certain individual friars, appointed by the Guardian, monotone the short readings from the Bible, the lives of the saints, and the Doctors of the Church, while the rest follow in their breviaries, i.e., the Divine Office book.

Official Prayer

Next to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the Divine Office is the most powerful prayer possible. That is because it is part of the Church's Liturgy or official and public prayer. Even though he may be alone and saying his Office to himself, no priest says the Office in his own name as he would say his rosary or his preparation for Mass. He says the Divine Office as an official minister of the Church. He has been commissioned and commanded to do this every day under the pain of mortal sin in the name of the Church, a tender mother who realizes that many of her children, burdened by the cares and troubles of life, would find it difficult to give God the formal praise that is His due. The Divine Office then is the prayer of the whole Church, the Mystical Body of Christ, offering to God praise and honor and obtaining blessings and graces for men. And the fact that it is the official prayer of the Mystical Body is what makes it so effective and powerful. For Christ Himself the Head of the Mystical Body, true God as well a true Man, presents the prayer of the Mystical Body to God on high.

OUR COVER
St. Francis Chapel, Graymoor

The Faithful Departed

Although the Divine Office is the prayer of the whole Church, nevertheless every priest in addition has intentions and petitions of his own. Since we are very conscious of our dependence on the charity of our benefactors and since we are very grateful to you for all of your goodness towards us, we assemble in chapel to chant the praises of the Lord. At Graymoor and at all of our houses wherever the Divine Office is said, the community intention for Prime, the first hour of the day, is for our benefactors. Likewise our community intention for Compline, which we say at noon, is for the faithful Departed that God may quickly release these Poor Souls from their imprisonment.

In addition to the Office of the day, we say the Office of the Dead at stated times throughout the year for our relatives, friends and benefactors. We mention all this for two reasons; first to let you know that we do keep you in our prayers and second to remind you to remember the Poor Souls in your own prayers.

On November 2, at all of our Graymoor houses, we shall chant the complete Office of the Dead. On that day also we shall begin a series of Masses for the repose of the souls of our deceased benefactors and friends, 300 Masses in all, 10 every day.

Be sure to send us a list of your deceased relatives and friends so that they can be included too. Either use the envelope we have sent you or address your letter to Father General, Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.

lose something?

a valued rosary . . . a pair of glasses . . . car keys . . . a wallet . . . important papers . . . one or even two diamond earrings . . . or anything else

Invoke St. Anthony

He's the Finder of Lost Things and you'd be surprised how quickly he answers your prayers.

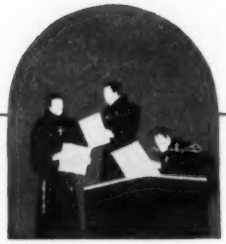
But finding lost rosaries or eyeglasses is by no means the extent of St. Anthony's power. He is a valued friend who helps his clients in every necessity. Our perpetual novena asking St. Anthony for his intercession takes place every night at each one of our Graymoor houses. Send us your petition to be included among the great number presented at his shrine.

Join With Us Today

A NEW NOVENA BEGINS EVERY TUESDAY

FRANCISCAN FRIARS
OF THE ATONEMENT
GRAYMOOR, GARRISON, NEW YORK

Correspondence



Lost Sheep

Dear Father: I was praying to St. Anthony to find an old man who had been very sick. He was lost for over a month and I prayed I would find him before he died.

When I had just about given up hope of ever finding him, I unexpectedly found someone who knew where he was and took me to him.

I had him admitted to a hospital that afternoon and sent for a priest. He had been away from Church for over 30 yeras and had told the hospital authorities he was a Protestant. I told the priest he was a fallen away Catholic. He heard his confession, gave him the Last Rites of the Church and about three hours later he died.

I had him buried in St. Raymond's Cemetery. He had a truly Catholic and wonderful burial. I thank God I found him in time. J.C.

Tornado

Dear Father: Inclosed you will find a small donation to help you in your wonderful work. I have had so many favors granted me through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother that I would like to have this letter of thanksgiving published in THE LAMP if possible.

Recently, while my son was driving to work early in the morning, he went into the path of a tornado. A tree fell across the highway directly in front of his car. He managed to stop just in time and no one was hurt. I always ask Our Blessed Mother to take care of my children.

Thank you for the St. Christopher Guide Card. A Lamp Reader

Favor

Dear Father: Inclosed find check for $20.00 for a very great favor in answer to my prayers that the Blessed Mother, St. Joseph and St. Anthony would hear my prayers and petitions. I trust that this may be the means of others coming to them for help. This favor is just one of many that I promised public acknowledgment for and hope this will be the means of others joining the Tuesday weekly Novena to Blessed St. Anthony.
A Grateful Texan

Broken Arm

Dear Father: Enclosed find $2.00 in thanksgiving to St. Anthony for a favor granted and would appreciate your publishing this letter.

I am so grateful to him for getting my boy's arm well again. One of my boys broke his arm several months ago and had it broken two more times because it did not heal right. The third time I couldn't stand it any more so I turned to St. Anthony for help. He answered my prayers right away. Please, Father, help me fulfill my promise to him. God bless you. Mrs. R.H.

Children Adopted

Dear Father: I promised St. Anthony and St. Rita to have this letter published in THE LAMP if you have room.

We have been married 10 years and have no children of our own. And we love children so much. Father, 11 months after I started my prayers for an adopted baby, my prayers were answered. We now have a little girl and boy. They are a sister and brother. The little girl was 22 months old and the boy was 9 weeks old when we got them. And today they have our name. I also promised St. Anthony $5.00 for the poor and St. Rita that I would name my little girl Rita Ann. Mrs. C.P.L.

Service Station

Dear Father: The other day I left my purse in a Public Rest Room in a busy Chevron Service Station. I drove about 15 miles home and discovered what I had done. So all the way back that long drive on a busy Freeway I prayed to find my purse. Then I recalled reading in THE LAMP so many letters of thanks to St. Anthony and started asking for his help. The heavy feeling around my heart lifted. When I reached the Service Station and looked in the Rest Room the purse was gone. I asked the attendant if a purse had been turned in. You can imagine my joy when I saw my purse. Not a thing was missing. A lady had found it and turned it in. They didn't get her name so I could thank her personally, but I am praying for her.
Mrs. A.E.S.

Camera

Dear Father: My mother asked me to send you $5.00 for her in thanksgiving to St. Anthony for finding my lost camera two days before Christmas. She doesn't know it, but I've added $5.00 of my own to hers. St. Anthony has been very kind to us and has helped on several occasions. We pray to him often. L.R.D.

Handbag

Dear Father: Please accept the enclosed $10 in thanksgiving to St. Anthony for the return of irreplaceable articles which were contained in a handbag which was stolen. The money in the bag was kept and the other articles which were more

(*Continued on page 6*)

November
1957

Volume Fifty-five
Number Eleven

IN FOCUS AS WE SEE IT

LITTLE ROCK

THE tragic incidents that have been occurring in connection with the integration of schools particularly in Little Rock are deplorable. Pictures of young boys and girls, their faces contorted in hate, mocking and jeering and tormenting a Negro child, are sickening. The sight of fully armed American soldiers with fixed bayonets conducting American children through a silent and sullen American mob into an American school to prevent them from being torn to pieces or stamped to death by fellow Americans is horrifying. Is this the kind of people we are? Is it only through fear of naked steel that we will grant minimum rights to our neighbors whom God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to create colored?

"We hold these truths to be self evident that *all* men are created equal." Does that sentence from our Declaration of Independence mean what it says, or does it mean that Negroes are equal only in paying taxes and in shedding their blood in our Country's wars? If those words mean what they say Negroes have a *right* to the use of public facilities throughout the land. They have a right to sit anyplace in any first class train so long as they pay the first class fare. They have a right to take the first seat available in a public bus just as soon as they drop their token in the register. They have the right to live peacefully in any house they have the money to buy. And they have a right to give their children the best education possible in any public school in their district. If Negroes are citizens of the United States they have exactly the same rights as any other American citizen, no more and no less. And they have the further right to enjoy the benefits of their citizenship in peace.

BECAUSE of our history, because of our social customs, because of deep seated fears, because of economics, and because of many other factors, racial harmony in schools, housing, and employment will not be settled by force. It is a complex problem that involves deep emotions and long established, hardened prejudices. Although it is hard to see what other course President Eisenhower could have taken at Little Rock, racial harmony won't be permanently secured by the presence of Federal troops.

Basically and primarily this is a religious and moral problem. Morality cannot be legislated and cannot be imposed by exterior force. Morality and proper moral conduct need an interior acceptance of the principles of religion and right reason, and a respect for the demands of conscience.

When Christ gave us his new commandment, "Love one another," did He mean it only for a favored and special few? When He died on Calvary did His outstretched arms exclude Negroes?

Let those who would deny the Negro his rights answer those questions. If all men are equally His children in the eyes of God, equally redeemed by the Precious Blood He shed, how can any Christian dare to set himself up as a member of a Master Race whose prerogative it is to hold others in contempt and servitude? How can any Catholic whose boast it is that the Church is universal approve the curtailment of a person's rights merely because of his color?

RACISM has been condemned time and time again by individual Bishops. It has been condemned in South Africa by all the Catholic Bishops as well as by ministers of other faiths as un-Christlike and un-Christian. In their Annual Statement of 1943 the Hierarchy of the United States said:

"It would be inconsistent to promote a world reconstruction in which all nations, great and small, would enjoy their rights in the family of nations unless in our own national life we recognize an equality of opportunity for all our citizens and willingly extend to them the full benefits of our democratic institutions.

"In the Providence of God there are among us millions of fellow-citizens of the Negro race. We owe to these fellow-citizens to the development of our country and for whose welfare history imposes on us a special obligation of justice, to see that they have in fact the rights which are given them in our Constitution. This means not only political equality, but also fair educational and economic opportunities, a just share in public welfare projects, good housing without exploitation, and a full chance for the social advancement of their race." †

See inside front cover for details

Necrology

We commend to the prayers of our readers the souls of the faithful departed, and particularly the deceased subscribers and their near relatives whose deaths have been reported to us. Thirty Masses will be said for them.

Delia Heaney, William J. Vogel, Peter Giella, Thomas P. Culley, Dorothy Clark Arnold, James McKeon, Miss Lyda McKeon, Walter McKeon, Alice Swanson, Peter Michels, Rev. Fr. Patrick Dunne, Mary E. Duffy, Mary K. Lindsay, Mrs. Frank H. Reid, Sylvester Caficro, Paolo S. Ripa, Mrs. Ulysses Lonque, Martin Clay, Msgr. Joseph Morrison, Bridget McGrory, Jennie De Cerbo, Rose Minch, Leo Kennebeck, Elizabeth Skelly, Mary Barre, Mrs. Frank Reid, Margaret Francis, Anna Meyers, William Burns, Elizabeth Donnelly, Helen Keegan, Grace Crystal, Robert Clarence Doria, Frederick J. Gallagher, Matthew H. Conway, Arthur S. Oresteen, Helen M. O'Riordan, Michael Burke, Bernard Guiliani, Mr. & Mrs. Oscar Egg, Sr., Grace Egg, Peter Roy, George Clair, Arthur E. Swan, Rose Mary Flynn, Richard De Lanco, Mary Crosby, Mr. & Mrs. Mathias Erschens, Miss Mary Erschens, Eugenie Dempster, John Flannery, John James Culley, Joseph Phaneuf, M. Frances Cassidy, Mary Ellen Donald McKeon, Miss Camille McKeon, Arthur Oresteen, Mary Ann Action, Kitty Burns Macken, Peter A. Miller, Mrs. Peter Geib, Mary T. Uhl, Mr. L. O. Trottier, Henry Keilman, William O'Flaherty, Carl E. Johnson, Frank J. McNally, Jane E. Clarke, Frank Erznoznik, Mr. Fisher, William Walsh, Mrs. J. Schleifstein, William J. Harper, Elizabeth Connelly, John Doherty, Mary Richards, Mr. H. Goldbach, Sam De Luca, Vincent J. Cardinale, Theresa Rosebush, Mary Elizabeth Squires, Charles Mulhern, Mary A. Kerns, Joseph Peter Carnevale, Sister M. Clementine, Mrs. Ivers, Frank K. Twiss, Charles Joseph Evans, Sr., Mrs. Oscar Egg, Jr.,Grace Potter, Peter Vander Vrede, Michael Potter, Concetta Volonino, F. V. Spofford, W. J. Orlikoski, Sister M. Benedict, PBVM, Frank Erschens, Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas Erschens, Mathias Erschens, David E. Cleveland.

Correspondence Continued

valuable to me were returned. I had petitioned St. Anthony for the return of only the personal and irreplaceable items which were in my bag. My request was granted. I received a manila envelope through the mail containing the articles which were so important to me.

Miss M.K.

Position Found

Dear Father: I am enclosing $5.00 which I promised in honor of St. Anthony. This $5.00 comes from my first week's salary. I prayed to St. Anthony for help in attaining this job and my request was granted. Please publish my letter in THE LAMP.

My thanks again to St. Anthony and THE LAMP. G.J.R.

A Favor Granted

Dear Father: Last June I promised Our Blessed Mother a $7.00 donation and publication in THE LAMP if I came out safe from my two operations. Thanks to God and His Blessed Mother my health is improved. S.R.G.

Apology

Dear Father: I am writing this letter as an apology to St. Anthony for having been disappointed in his not having answered my petition in the recent Novena I asked you to offer him in my behalf.

My petition was for him to find me a new home as I am living in a small lodging or boarding house and I do not care for it. Had he granted my request the wonderful thing that has happened here could not have taken place.

There is just one other boarder here and for quite some time I did not know that she was a Catholic. However, she was a fallen away Catholic and so many years had elapsed since she stopped practising her religion that she not only could not remember the number of years but had forgotten her religion and did not know how to prepare for confession or make an Act of Contrition.

I, being a shut-in but none the less a very practical Catholic, was determined without doing any preaching to try to make her realize her error, so I gave her some simple prayers and a Sacred Heart badge. She wore the badge with reverence and now and then joined me in the Rosary. On June 1st, Father let it be known he would be here on that morning to give me the Sacraments. I asked her if she would like to see him and she said "yes." I asked her if she would like to approach the Sacraments and she said that she would. I helped her prepare and Father did the rest. She has declared that she will be faithful in the performance of her religious duties from now on. She is so very happy at being once again in the grace of God.

Had St. Anthony granted my request for a new home I would not have been here—nor would Father have come here. My gratitude to God and St. Anthony is boundless in permitting my humble person to be the instrument He used in that great grace. And in St. Anthony's case it was another of the countless miracles he has performed. All thanks and glory to God for His infinite mercies.

In the Novena now being offered in honor of St. Anthony, please thank him for me and tell him I deeply appreciate his goodness and apologize to him for my seeming lack of faith in him. M.McH

Position Secured

Dear Father: The enclosed $5.00 is a small thank you to St. Anthony. I am beyond the "preferred" age for employment but made the novena to him with the help of your artistic little shrine and told myself that he would probably spend his feast day passing out gifts. So it eventuated in my case. On the 13th I had *two* offers of employment—one so good that I accepted it immediately. The other also offered an excellent starting salary. St. Anthony actually was gracious enough to offer a choice—perhaps again silently demonstrating how precious to God is our human free will. Thank you indeed for making possible my novena.

C.H.

Another Position Secured

Dear Father: Enclosed $15.00 is for St. Anthony's Bread. He not only answered a hasty earnest prayer, but did it speedily and perfectly. May he ever obtain for us the graces we need and the will to cooperate with those graces.

My boy needed a job. The day before St. Anthony's feast day I ran across the home shrine you had sent us. I put it in a prominent place and unknown to me my husband saw it and asked for the same favor. The next day, St. Anthony's feast day, my boy not only found a good job, but one that will accommodate Summer School hours the rest of the summer and from 3 to 7 after school.

Mrs. G.W.L.

In and Out

Dear Father: Enclosed you will find $3.00 for a favor granted by St. Anthony. I lost my billfold while plowing and plowed it under. I promised St. Anthony a donation and publication of this letter in THE LAMP.

About a month after I lost my billfold, the man making rows in the field plowed it back up to the top of the ground. All the contents were slightly dampened but still in good shape. So I thank St. Anthony very much. M.E.

If you have promised publication and your letter does not appear, do not become upset or worried. You keep your promise once you send us the letter and give us permission to publish it.

It is appointed unto men to die once and after this comes the judgment

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

By David Gannon, S.A.

IT is appointed unto men to die once and after this comes the judgment," wrote St. Paul to the Jewish Christians at Palestine who were in danger of relapsing into Judaism. Writing of those who are punished after death because in this life they have "insulted the Spirit of grace," the Apostle, in the same letter to the Hebrews, stated: "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God."

Who can better know the terrifying reality of these words of St. Paul than those souls who, defiled by sin or its effects, have stood, immediately after death, to be judged by God?

Even in this life it is "a fearful thing" for a soul to be touched by the purifying hand of God. The saints, who climb the heights of perfection to union with God through love know the painful, purifying touch of God's hand on the soul as He cleanses it from the imperfections, sensual and spiritual, caused by self-love or attachment to creatures.

Suffering in this life is not always a punishment for personal sin, over and above original sin. To those who say it is, we merely repeat our Blessed Lord's words concerning the man born blind: "Neither has the man sinned, nor his parents, but the words of God were to be manifest in him."

THEN, too, there is the case of "a man in the land of Hus, whose name was Job, and that man was simple and upright, and fearing God and avoiding evil." Job fell into "the hands of the Living God," not because he had sinned, but as a test of his faith in, and love for God. In that exquisite pain of soul in which was commingled great love and faith, Job cried out to his friends, "Have pity on me, have pity one me, at least you, my friends, because the hand of the Lord has touched me."

The sufferings of Job were like those of the saints who, as they become more conformed to Christ are privileged, through their sufferings, to share in the day-by-day Redemption of the world.

Job's sufferings were but the proof of his love for God, after Satan had challenged God in the words, "Does Job fear God in vain? Have you not made a fence for him and his house, and all his substance round about; blessed the work of his hands, and his possessions have increased upon the earth? But stretch forth Thy hand a little and touch all that he has, and see then if he continues to bless Thee to Thy face."

"Then the Lord said to Satan, 'Behold, all that he has is in thy hand. But do not dare put your hand upon his person.' And Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord."

THE losses and the sufferings of Job were not punishments from God. The faith of Job in the goodness of God, amidst all the devastation of lands, and family, and body and soul, gave great glory to God: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. As it hath pleased the Lord, so it is done. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

To Job suffering was what it is to the saints today: The Red Blood, the everlasting fragrance upon the white rose of sainthood; It is the hand of God, the Husbandman, purging the good branches of Christ,—the Vine, that they "may bring forth more fruit."

The Holy Souls in purgatory suffer greatly, not that they "may bring forth more fruit," since their time for merit is passed. Some may be suffering there for the precise reason of rebellious resistance to the purging hand of God in this life. Be that as it may, of them it can be truly said that they have been

See inside front cover for details

touched by the "hands of the Living God." And from there, they cry out to us for the aid of our prayers in the words of Job: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends, because the hand of the Lord has touched me."

SINCE it is unthinkable that a defiled soul shall enter the abode of the Most Holy Trinity, purgatory is the "stopping place" where souls are purified; either because they resisted the purifying grace of the Holy Spirit in this life: or because at death, they were defiled by venial sins committed through their attachments to creatures; or because of bad habits formed in the soul through sins which were never uprooted.

Theologians tell us that at the moment of death, the soul, freed from the body, judges itself in the light of God's judgment. Through the infused knowledge that the soul receives from the Blessed Trinity, it (the soul) renders to itself the exact amount of all its responsibilities, accepting, without self-excuse, the just sentence of the supreme Judge.

The whole plan of redemption unfolds before the clear and unerring vision of the soul, disclosing its own place in God's eternal plan for the universe. And so, it will realize how great was God's love for itself, all through life, and how great were the blessings God bestowed on it. It will then understand fully that God's providential rule over its life on earth, down to the smallest detail, was ever motivated by His divine mercy.

While the Holy Souls suffer great torments, they are, nevertheless, filled with untold happiness. For now they love God above everything; love him to a degree unknown before. Their hope, too, is unbounded and unyielding, since they have the certainty that God has saved them. They are blessed with a foretaste of the unspeakable joy awaiting them when they see the holiness of God unveiled.

The God of love is for them now a source of suffering and happiness. Like Christ nailed to the cross on Calvary, these souls experience together the most intense joys and the most excruciating sufferings, both increasing with the fervor and intensity of their love.

AMIDST sufferings which, as St. Thomas taught, are greater than those of Christ in His Passion, their spiritual joy increases with their love and with the approach of their hour of deliverance. When that hour comes, hastened by our prayers for them, they are, through God's unutterable mercy united forever with the innermost Being of the Blessed Trinity, the seat and the source of eternal life.

In your charity, then, pray daily for these suffering saints who long in joyful sorrow to see the Face of God. As the saints triumphant in another day, they will gratefully plead for you before the Throne of Mercy.

DE PROFUNDIS

Out of the depths I cry to Thee, O Lord,
O Lord, hear my voice!
Let Thy ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication.
If Thou didst keep count of offenses,
O Lord, O Lord who would endure it?
But with Thee is forgiveness of sins, that men may serve Thee with reverence.
In the Lord do I hope, my soul hopes in His word;
My soul waits expectantly for the Lord, more than night watchmen for the coming of dawn.
More than night watchmen for the coming of dawn does Israel await the Lord, because with the Lord there is mercy and with Him there is plentiful redemption: and He shall redeem Israel from all its iniquities. *Psalm 129*

The Catholic Doctrine of Purgatory

The Dogma of Purgatory was defined in the Decree of Union drawn up at the Council of Florence (1439.) The Council of Trent reaffirmed the Dogma in the following teaching: "The Catholic Church instructed by the Holy Spirit, has from Sacred Scriptures and the ancient traditions of the Fathers, taught in Sacred Councils, and very recently in this Ecumenical Synod, that there is a purgatory, and the souls therein detained are helped by the suffrages of the faithful, but principally by the acceptable Sacrifice of the Altar" (Sess XXV).

THE Sacred Council of Trent taught (Sess XIV, Can. 12), in accordance with the Scriptures (Num. XX, 12; 2 Kings XII, 13, 14) that God does not always remit all of the temporal punishment due to forgiven sin. The Scriptures teach that nothing defiled can enter heaven (Wis. VII, 25; Isa. XXV 8; Hab. 1, 13; Apoc. XXI 7), and that Christians often die with venial sins upon their souls. All therefore, who die in venial sins, or with the temporal punishment of their sins still unpaid, must atone for them in purgatory.

St. John Chrysostom (344-407) wrote: "Not in vain are obligations made on behalf of the departed; not in vain supplications; not in vain alms." (Act. Apost., XXI, 4).

The great Augustine, praying for the soul of his mother, St. Monica, wrote: "I therefore, O God of my heart, do now beseech Thee for the sins of my mother. Hear me through the medicine of the wounds that hung upon the Wood (the Mass). May she, then, be in peace with her husband! . . . And inspire, my Lord, . . . Thy servants, my brethren, whom with voice and heart and pen I serve, that as many as shall read these words may remember at Thy Altar, Monica, Thy servant." †

A completed Burse of Five Thousand Dollars insures the education of a Graymoor Friar and enables him to reach his goal—the Altar

Uncompleted BURSES

IS YOUR PATRON SAINT among those listed below? There is no better way to honor your heavenly namesake than by contributing to the Burse bearing his or her name. It is by means of the Burses that young men are advanced to the Sacred Priesthood in the Graymoor Community.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1957

St. Bernadette: 4,636.00
Mrs. D.Q., N.J., $1.

St. Ann: 4,584.40
Mrs. P.P., N.Y., $5; Mrs. F. DeT., N.J., $3; M.P., Conn., $2; Miss S.A., N.Y., $1; A.B., Pa., $5.

St. Pius X: 4,192.98
Mrs. A.M., Conn., $1; Mrs. R.A., N.Y., $1; Mrs. H.M., R.I., $1.

Infant of Prague: 4,171.85
A.A., Mass., $4; Mrs. E. McC., Mass., $5; Mrs. J. DuP., Pa., $2; E.L., Conn., $2; F.B., O., $1; E.C., Ill., $5; Mrs. J. McL., Mich., $5; Mrs. G.K., N.Y., $1; Mrs. M.R., Pa., $2; P.S., N.Y., $3.

Little Flower: 4,068.91
Mrs. J.DuP., Pa., $2; Anon., N.Y., $5; Miss I.B., Mass., $1.

St. Joseph: 4,049.34
Mrs M.N., R.I., $3; Mrs. J. DuP., Pa., $2; Mrs. E. McC., Mass., $5; Mrs. F.M., Calif., $5; Anon, Wis., $10; J.B., Minn., $1.

O. L. of the Atonement: 3,788.01
Mrs. A.G., Me., $5; J. Family, Pa., $1; Anon, $10.

St. Jude: 3,237.22
L.J., Mass., $5; Mrs. W.R., Ill., $3; P.S., O., $2; M.K., Ind., $4; Mrs. J. DuP., Pa., $2; B.C., N.H., $2; T.G., Ga., $10; Mrs. A.G., N.J., $5; A.C., Me., $5; P.S., O., $2; D.F., B.C., $5; Mrs. B.B., N.Y., $1; Mrs. D.M., N.Mex., $5; Anon, Wis., $5; Mrs. M.S., N.J., $2; Mrs. L. McC., Ill., $2; Mrs. R.L., Mo., $3; K.C., O., $2; J.R., Nebr., $5; Mrs. W.C., N.J., $5.

St. Anthony: 2,662.74
Mrs. E.R., Conn., $2; E.K., Me., $1; Mrs. B.F., O., $10; Mrs. D. McG., O., $5; Mrs. D.M., L.I., $2; Mrs. W.S., Ont., $2; Anon, La., $2; Mrs. H.N., L.I., $5; Mrs. D.S., H.I., $1.50; K.W., Wis., $3; Mrs. J. DuP., Pa., $2; M.K., Ind., $4; Mrs. E.A., Mass., $2; C.G., Ill., $2; M.C., Mass., $2; B.L., N.J., $2; E.C., Ariz., $2; Mrs. P.S., Fla., $5; H.M., Conn., $4.50; Mrs. A.G., Me., $5; Mrs. J.W., N.J., $6; Mrs. A.M., N.Y., $3; Mrs. R.C., Mich., $3; Mrs. B.R., O., $10; E. Q., Ill., $5; Mrs. T.N., Mich., $3; Mrs. J.B., Mich., $1; Mrs. B.D., Pa., $1; Anon, R.I., $1; Mrs. D.M., N.Mex., $5; Mrs. B.B., N.Y., $1; M.B., Mass., $2; Mrs. S.O., Conn., $1; Anon, Wis., $5; Mr. & Mrs. V.C., Fla., $10; Mrs. M.C., N.Y., $1; V.R.S., Mass., $2; Mrs. R.G., Calif., $2; C.H., N.Y., $2; Mrs. C.S., Wisc., $5; A.O., Mass., $5; M.P., Mass., $1; H.W., N.J., $2; J.H., N.J., $5; Anon, Del., $1; J.K., Mass., $1; Mrs. L. McC., Ill., $2; Mrs. D.S., S.A., $15; A.M.K., Va., $5; Mrs. A.K., N.Y., $2; G.S., Calif., $2; Mrs. W.F., Tex., $2; E.R., Ill., $2; J.G., Calif., $5; J.R., Nebr., $5.

O. L. of Perpetual Help: 3,138.80
Mrs. J.P., Me., $12.50; C.B., Wis., $5; Mrs. G.G., Fla., $1; Miss N.H., N.J., $1; Mrs. J.L., N.Y., $5.

St. Francis Xavier: 3,024.60

SS. Peregrin & Dymphna: 2,916.51
Mrs. M.M., N.Y., $1; M. McC. Pa., $1; E.U., N.J., $5; Mrs. R.S., N.H., $1.25; Mrs. O.Z., N.Y., $5.

St. Matthias: 2,464.76

Sacred Shoulder: 2,260.95
M.K., Ind., $4; Mrs. M.W., Md., $1.

St. Margaret of Scotland: 2,248.41

O. L. of Miraculous Medal: 2,241.45
A.H., Mich., $11.25.

Bl. Martin de Porres: 2,218.82
Mrs. J. McL., Mich., $5; Mrs. J. LaB., Ind., $1.

O. L. of Lourdes: 2,145.55
Mrs. L.B., La., $1.

St. Lawrence: 2,104.00

SS. Michael & Honora: 2,007.50

St. Rita: 1,766.25
M. McC., Pa., $1.

St. Raphael: 1,321.56
Mrs. M.N., Mich., $10.

Father Drumgoole: 1,137.10

Hope: 1,122.05

O. L. of Fatima 1,121.50
M.B., Calif., $1; M.K., Ind., $4.

All Saints: 1,032.37

Holy Spirit: 976.25

St. Patrick: 968.03

Immaculate Conception: 944.95
Mrs. E.E., Pa., $5; Mrs. J. DuP., Pa., $2; Mrs. I.A., Mass., $2.

St. John Baptist: 911.85
Anon, Wis., $4.

Brother Jude: 908.20
J.A.E., Del., $5.

Holy Souls: 767.60

St. Michael: 743.50

Blessed Sacrament: 724.08

Father Baker: 697.35

Holy Face: 687.55

St. Frances Cabrini: 643.03
E.M., N.Y., $25.

Brother Barnabas: 600.00

Our Sorrowful Mother: 571.22
Anon., Ind., $2.

Precious Blood: 563.00

St. Francis of Assisi: 512.89

O. L. of Prompt Succor 486.60

St. Christopher: 476.30
B.N., N.Y., $5; Miss V.H., Mass., $2; Mrs. C.M., Conn., $2; Anon, Wis., $1; M.K., Ind., $2; Miss D.D., O., $2.50.

Brother Philip: 469.60

Five Holy Wounds: 428.10

St. Gerard Majella: 422.91
M. McC., Pa., $1; Mrs. S.G., Pa., $3.

Holy Family: 389.00
Miss D.D., O., $2.50.

Mother Lurana, S.A.: 375.65

St. Margaret Mary: 357.53

St. Eugene: 349.39

Father Paul: 341.55
P.J.F., N.Y., $5.

St. Philomena: 313.00
R.M., Mass., $2; Mrs. F.M. Calif., $5; E.W., W.Va., $10; P.C., Pa., $3.

St. John the Apostle: 294.06
Anon, Wis., $4.

St. Maria Goretti: 283.00
J.F., Pa., $10.

O. L. of the Rosary: 272.25

St. Brigget of Ireland: 238.20
Mrs. B.M.G., & Miss K.M., N.J., $3.

St. Vincent: 207.00

St. Mary Magdalene: 196.50

Brother Andre: 161.00

Sacred Head: 155.45

Venerable Catherine Tekawitha: 146.75
Mrs. A.M., Conn., $1.

Most Holy Trinity: 132.20

Brother Anthony: 120.60

Pope Pius XI: 104.60

SS. Adam & Eve: 104.00

St. Clare: 86.20

O. L. of Victory: 88.50
Anon, Mich., $5.

St. Paul: 82.70

St. Teresa: 66.60
Miss I.B., Mass., $1.

Sacred Heart: 56.13
Mrs. F.M., Calif., $5; Miss N.H., N.J., $1; Mr. & Mrs. T.P., N.J., $5; Mrs. I.A., Mass., $2.

St. Blase: 51.25

St. George 41.00

Brother Ignatius: 35.00

Father Flanagan: 34.00

St. Luke: 27.00

O. L. of Faith: 25.00

St. Cyril of Jerusalem: 25.00

O. L. of La Leche: 22.00
P.O., N.Y., $5.

Honor your favorite Saint

SUPPORT A GRAYMOOR BURSE

See inside front cover for details

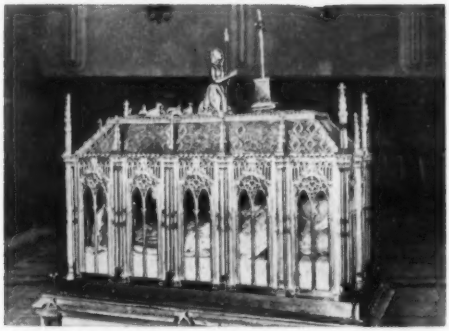
A wood carving of St. Germaine the original of which is in the possession of Msgr. J. A. Keener of the St. Germaine Guild

The frail and sickly Germaine often was hungry and slept on a pile of vines and twigs in the cold barn

The Fairy Tale Saint

House of the Cousins. St. Germaine lived and prayed in the open lean-to on the left

by FLORENCE CHRISTIAN



This reliquary contains the body of St. Germaine. Villagers have been trying to build a suitable shrine for their saint

This ancient village church of Pibrac, France remains much the same now as it was in the time of the gentle Germaine

IN Southern France the sun shines warmly on valleys fertile with grain and fruit, and on dry, dusty grasslands. When winter comes, however, mountain storms originating in the remote Pyrenees deposit their snowy blankets even in the valleys and it becomes bitterly cold.

Once upon a wintery time, in the village of Pibrac, France, a barefooted Shepherdess prayed: "Lord do not let me be too cold and too hungry."

She prayed in a stable open to the blustering elements and God heard her prayer, for He gave to her an unbelievable endurance, patience and sweetness. He gave her other things as well, but that was later, after the clock struck twelve.

In Pibrac sheep fatten on grassy slopes, streams purl gently, or in flood, roar tumultuously. Once the Shepherdess prayed: "Lord help me to get to Mass", and the flooded stream called the Courbet parted so that she might cross it with safety.

HANSEL AND GRETEL were taken into the dense forest by their wicked stepmother because there was not enough food for the family. From a house of plenty the half-starved Germaine Cousin was sent into ominous Bouconne Forest by her wicked "stepmother" who actually seemed to want the little girl to fall prey to the hungry wolves who roamed the woods.

If the wolves did not get her, perhaps the beatings would, or she would die of neglect!

Nights the sickly and frail Germaine slept on a pile of vines and twigs under the stable steps which lead upstairs into the hayloft of the comfortable Cousin home.

The "stepmother" was perhaps the second or third wife of Laurent Cousin; and whether the pitiful, ragged Germaine was his child by a former marriage is not known. It does not seem possible that any father could have permitted his small, crippled daughter to be so mistreated.

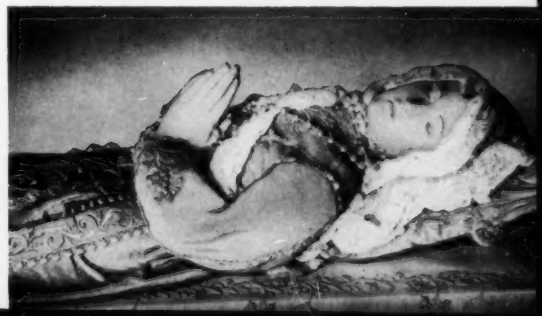
THE little girl was not allowed inside the Cousin house except to do chores. She did not eat with the family. Often, she did not eat at all. Her daily ration, consisting of moulded black bread, was handed to her in the stable, unless she was being punished. In that case she received nothing, and sometimes the little one was so hungry that she took from the pigs and dog whatever they left.

(Although Madame Cousin was always referred to as "the stepmother" the term was used loosely to indicate a vicious woman, which she most certainly was, for she even threw boiling water on her helpless charge.)

Possibly Germaine was the orphaned child of a relative of the Cousins, who (*Cont. on page* 18)

A drawing of the proposed Basilica to honor St. Germaine. The finished part was used by the military during the war

Photograph taken in October 1955, at Pibrac, France of the incorrupt body of St. Germaine who died in 1601



The Religion of Today's Jews

For a little more
than ten years a kind
of a religious revival has been
going on among
the Jews in the United States

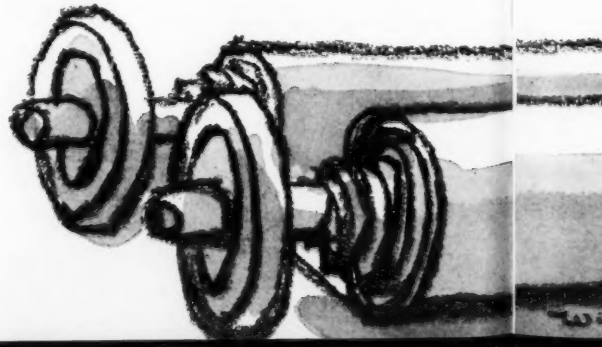
by DESALES STANDERWICK, S.A.

WORDS are meaningful things. Though many men use them indiscriminately, almost each and every word in a language carries with it overtones and significations that we may not be aware of.

Very early in Hebrew history, the word "Jew" was used by non-Jews and by Jews themselves to signify the political and national status of a particular man. "Israel," a name which God Himself had given to the Patriarch Jacob, signified the Jewish people as chosen out and selected from among all the nations of the earth to be God's own people, to whom He would entrust His revelation and His truth, on whom He would pour His special blessings and graces, and from whom was to spring the Messiah, the Awaited One, the Desire of the Everlasting Hills, the Redeemer of the world. "Israelite" then meant a man who was privileged to belong to this elect, this nation whose destiny was to act as a priest to the world.

Sadly enough today, the terms "Israel" and "Israelite" are rarely used by Jews and non-Jews to refer to these particular peoples. The word "Jew" or "Jews" is the most frequently used term in our times. This is a negative indication of the problems that have arisen in modern Judaism, an indirect pointing to the lack of religion in the lives of some Jews and to the complex situation of the Jews who do claim to profess Judaism.

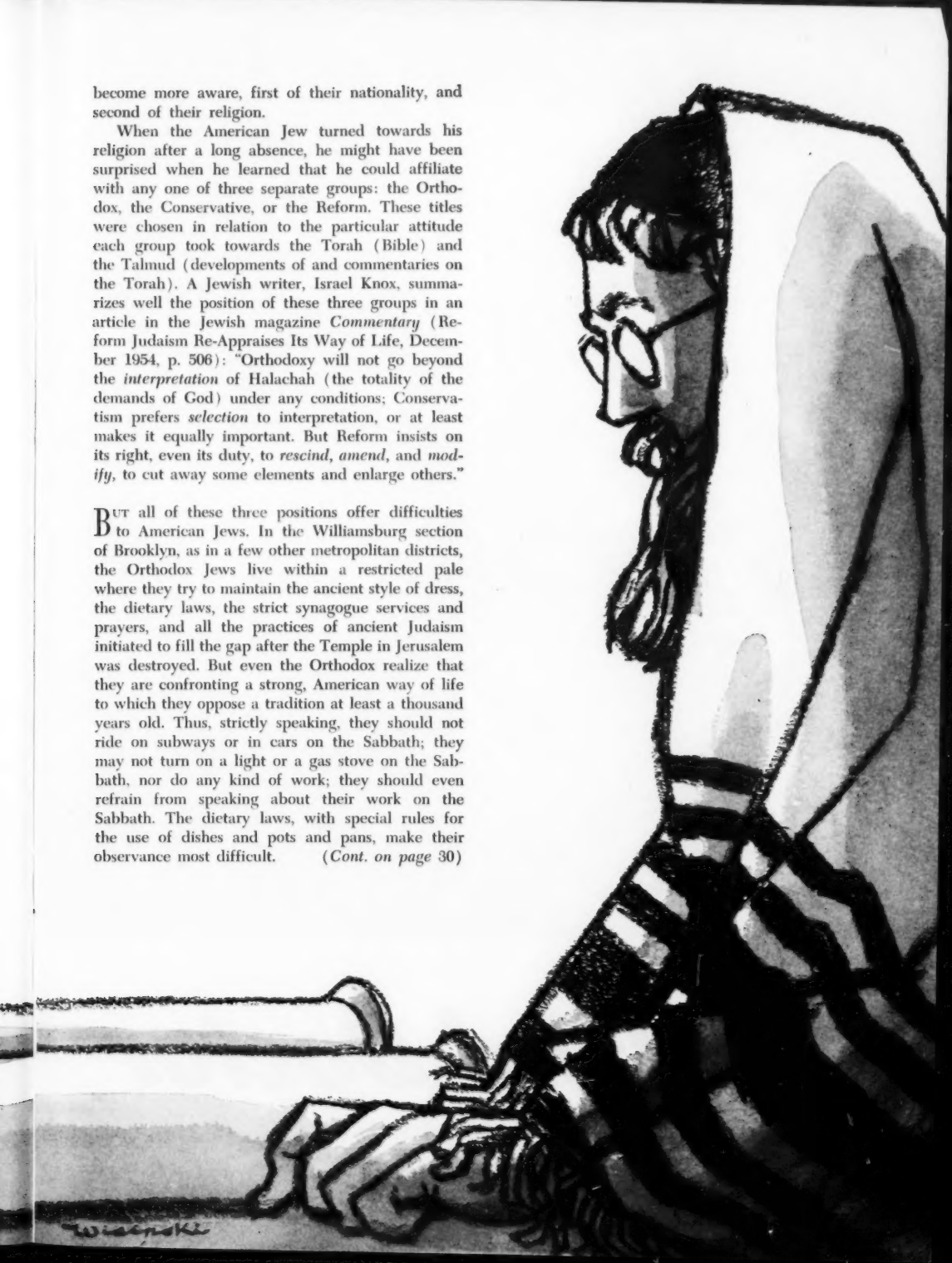
THERE are in these United States some five million Jewish people. Accurate statistics are difficult to find, but it would seem that only two million of the five million belong to the synagogue congregations and practice their faith. This is a small percentage, but we should in the same breath add that since 1945 a kind of revival of Judaism has occurred here in the United States. Some attribute the revival to the demoniacal purge of the Jews by Hitler and to the establishment of the national state of Israel. Both these events caused thinking Jewish people to



become more aware, first of their nationality, and second of their religion.

When the American Jew turned towards his religion after a long absence, he might have been surprised when he learned that he could affiliate with any one of three separate groups: the Orthodox, the Conservative, or the Reform. These titles were chosen in relation to the particular attitude each group took towards the Torah (Bible) and the Talmud (developments of and commentaries on the Torah). A Jewish writer, Israel Knox, summarizes well the position of these three groups in an article in the Jewish magazine *Commentary* (Reform Judaism Re-Appraises Its Way of Life, December 1954, p. 506): "Orthodoxy will not go beyond the *interpretation* of Halachah (the totality of the demands of God) under any conditions; Conservatism prefers *selection* to interpretation, or at least makes it equally important. But Reform insists on its right, even its duty, to *rescind, amend,* and *modify,* to cut away some elements and enlarge others."

But all of these three positions offer difficulties to American Jews. In the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, as in a few other metropolitan districts, the Orthodox Jews live within a restricted pale where they try to maintain the ancient style of dress, the dietary laws, the strict synagogue services and prayers, and all the practices of ancient Judaism initiated to fill the gap after the Temple in Jerusalem was destroyed. But even the Orthodox realize that they are confronting a strong, American way of life to which they oppose a tradition at least a thousand years old. Thus, strictly speaking, they should not ride on subways or in cars on the Sabbath; they may not turn on a light or a gas stove on the Sabbath, nor do any kind of work; they should even refrain from speaking about their work on the Sabbath. The dietary laws, with special rules for the use of dishes and pots and pans, make their observance most difficult. (*Cont. on page* 30)



Island Doctor

by WILLIAM HOLMES

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan

True, the diagnosis was good

but the little one died

and with her death went all

of the doctor's courage

See inside front cover for detail

THE crossing from mainland had been rough. It was midnight, and Doctor Moon was old and very tired. Otherwise, surely, he would not have said before the sick child's parents, "I believe in consultation in difficult cases, Doctor Dines. But really." He stalked from the room.

Ben Dines caught him on the porch steps. Hurt, he wanted to hurt. "Maybe it came after you left medical school, but did you ever hear of professional courtesy?"

"Look, Dines. Three times this month the Coast Guard reported an emergency here on the Island. Three times I've left my own patients and come over to help you. And three times I've found kids with routine bellyaches and you in shock. What do you expect? A Nobel Prize? Good night, Doctor." The title bit like a whip.

The old man walked into the darkness toward Island Wharf. Ben felt a little dizzy with the shame and anger in him. He turned and stormed toward the drab boarding house that was home on Big Rock Island. Almost there, he passed the little man in the dark suit.

"Father Shannon."

"A fine spring evening, Doctor." The priest paused, but Ben hurried on. In his room he undressed and slumped heavily into bed. Sleep, that was all he needed. Sleep. Sleepless, he stared into the darkness and like a warped record the old haunting thoughts crowded back. Two years ago he had come to this fisherman's island, wanting to put down roots, to belong somewhere. Deliberately he had dropped an iron door over the friendless, poverty-haunted years of medical school. He had taken a fierce, defiant pride in himself hanging the sign reading "Benjamin Dines, M.D."

AND the Island people had come to him with their ills. Long without a doctor, they had welcomed him as one of them, though they all but a few of Father Shannon's strong faith and he of none. He came to love it all with a bleak haughty pride, the people, their dependence on him, the endless beat of the sea.

Then he made a diagnosis, and a little girl named Patty Doyle died. It was not a bad diagnosis; even the mainland pediatrician, arriving too late, said that. But Ben Dines' hard-bought learning had failed him, and a child who might have lived had died. With her died his courage. For now in the trusting face of every sick child he saw the face of Patty Doyle.

As he had watched so many dawns, now he watched this one frame the window of his room. Bright and clear, but a storm could grow from those horizon clouds. Sleepless, he reached for the medical journal on the bedside table, read again:

> "Opening general practitioner desiring enter industrial field. Complete modern Med. Dept., five-day week, liberal vac. plan, sick leave, pension. Fine opportunity. Write . . ."

The magazine crumpled in his thick fist. No. Not yet. First he would beat this thing. Alone, as he had always been alone, he would beat this crawling fear in him. He rose and dressed and left the house.

At the corner of the four stores that were Big Rock Island's business district he passed the little man (*Cont. on page 22*)

Graymoor Annals

CANCELLED STAMPS

If you ever had an opportunity to visit Graymoor, either during the summer or sometime during the year, you probably saw a group of young men wearing black tunics belted at the waist. These are our Postulants, or, in other words, aspirants to the Brotherhood in the Society of the Atonement. They have taken their first step in joining the Society. After they finish their postulancy they will go to Valley Falls, R. I., receive the Brown Habit and a new name, and spend two years as brother novices.

Meanwhile at Graymoor they are under the direction of Fr. Clement St. Jacques from Pittsfield, Mass. After his Ordination in 1945, Fr. Clement was assigned to the Faculty of St. John's Atonement Seminary at Graymoor where he taught French and Greek. After this he was assigned to our Foreign Mission in Japan and on his return was appointed Master of Postulants.

During their stay at Graymoor, the Postulants are engaged in various duties on the Mountain. In addition to their regular duties they have taken upon themselves a little project that has proved quite profitable for our Graymoor Missions. They process cancelled stamps and sell them to dealers.

Stamps that have been used may seem to be worthless. But, when you get a lot of them together and clean them up and assort them properly and sell them to dealers, they become very valuable for helping our missionaries who are laboring to save souls. That is why on the little leaflet that they distribute the Postulants have the heading, "Save Stamps and Help Save Souls."

Last year, through the help of our faithful friends who collected cancelled stamps and sent them to us, we were able to give considerable help to some of our needy missions through the sale of these stamps. Right now our stock of cancelled stamps is almost non-existent and at present we do not have enough stamps on hand to satisfy the collectors who want to buy from us; so we would appreciate it very much if you would collect as many stamps for us as you can. We would appreciate it, too, if you would strive to interest your friends in this work so that you would all share in the apostolate of saving souls.

Every stamp, even common everyday ones, that are not torn or damaged are of value. But the U.S. Commemoratives, Airmail, Special Delivery, high denomination and precancelled stamps, together with all foreign stamps, are much more valuable. Leave about one quarter of an inch margin of paper all around the stamps so that they will not be damaged. Maybe you have some old letters around the house. Bring them out and put the stamps to good use. Maybe, too, when you were young you collected stamps and have an old album that you no longer bother with. If so, send it to us and we will put it to good use in helping the missions.

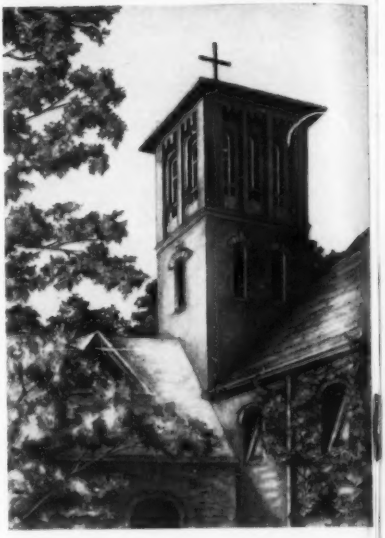
To show you how valuable the saving of stamps can be, here is a letter from one of our missionaries now working among the colored people in North Carolina: "Dear Father Clement, I received a very generous check through your wonderful stamp project. I was so happy to receive this money, because I sure can use it. I do have many problems here, but the one that worries me most is getting money to pay my monthly bills. So my deepest thanks to you and to all who had anything to do in sending this. I promise with all my heart that I will think of you all during my Masses and prayers. Sincerely in Christ, Fr. John Marie Bursis, S.A., Lumberton, North Carolina."

So as you see we can make very good use, and we do make very good use of any stamp that you send us. If you would like some leaflets that explain how to save stamps to pass on to your friends, just ask for them.

Send your cancelled stamps to Father Clement, Graymoor Stamp Bureau, Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.

OLD CLOTHES

One quiet afternoon in the middle of the week a short time ago a well dressed man walked into St. Christopher's Inn and planked down on the Father Director's desk a check for seventeen dollars.



With a big, broad smile, he said to Fr. Ignatius, S.A., "Father, you may think that this is a rather odd amount for a contribution but I have been coming here for the past seventeen years. I started off with a check for one dollar and I have been adding a dollar to the total each year. This is how I observe the anniversary of my leaving St. Christopher's Inn.

"When I came up that hill, Father, I was flat broke. I was down and out and discouraged. I had been drinking heavily. When I got here I was accepted—that's all—just accepted. No one asked me if I had killed my grandmother or escaped from prison. I was asked only my name and date of birth and a few other necessary questions. Then I was given some work to do and supplied with all I needed to get myself on my feet. There was no pressure of any kind put on me. I was treated like a man, and being treated that way I responded as a man should—I began to think right. I soon realized that if I were to continue drinking I would end up either in a mental hospital or in a jail. So I decided to quit drinking once and forever. Father, if a doctor were to tell me right now that I would die within five minutes unless I took a jigger of whisky I wouldn't take it! That's what St. Christopher's Inn did for me – it changed my life completely and I can never tell you or anyone else how deeply grateful I am. The change that

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan

was brought about in my life means everything to me and I try to show my appreciation by doing this."

THE STORY this man told is quite an inspiration to all of us at Graymoor. He underwent a conversion—a conversion from a dissolute to a respectable life. There have been many such at St. Christopher's Inn and we are all very happy about them. But it is not primarily what we are striving for. We are much more interested in spiritual conversions. There are many of those conversions too, but none of those stories can be told. Many a man has been brought back from the grave of sin after a lapse of forty or fifty years and restored to God's grace. There are men in heaven right now whose salvation was brought about at St. Christopher's Inn. How happy and grateful the sons and daughters of such men are! Several of them have been here and told us of their joy. It is consoling to the Friars to realize that the work of rehabilitation—both material and spiritual—is going on all the time at the Inn. It should be just as consoling to our benefactors because they are the ones who make our work possible. May God bless you all.

LAST YEAR more than thirty-five hundred men came to the Inn for help. Some stayed overnight. Some stayed for only a meal or two. But the majority remained for several days or weeks. Nearly all of them were given clothing. The clothing keeps coming in and going out. If it were stored in one place at the beginning of the year it would take a department store to hold it all. One can get some idea of the amount of clothing handled in our little clothing room when it is known that five tons of clothing that could not be used by the men was sent to the missions.

Winter is here and the number of men is increasing. Anything that a man can wear—suits, jackets, pants, underwear, topcoats and overcoats—are all needed badly. And as for shoes, there are never enough. Even shoes that need repairing are acceptable. This is the address:

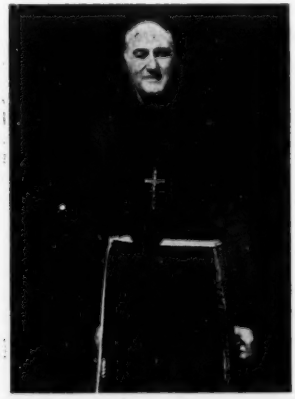
St. Christopher's Inn
Graymoor
Garrison, New York

FATHER SIMEON, our Vocation Director, and Father Claver, Lector of Philosophy at Saranac Lake, attended a recent meeting of the Seraphic Society for Vocations, a Franciscan sponsored organization. At the meeting they had the opportunity of seeing the recently published illustrated

Fr. Claver, S.A., and Fr. Simeon, S.A.

booklet entitled "Too Young", prepared for the Vocation Society by St. Anthony's Guild.

The book was published to meet the frequent objection offered by parents to their son's enrollment in a Minor Seminary after he finishes the eighth grade, because, as they say, "he is too young to know his own mind." Many parents feel that "a boy should know what he will be giving up so that he can make an intelligent decision about his life. He doesn't know what life is all about."



Fr. Ignatius, S.A.

Fr. Clement, S.A.

THE LAMP. We would like first of all to thank all donors who so generously sent us Coupons and "trade stamps", especially Ohio sales stamps. Still many write in asking if we still want them and we thought the best way to reach them again was through THE LAMP. We will continue to collect them as long as they are willing to send them to us. May we mention a few Cash-bearing Coupons?

La Rosa, Ronzoni and Prince Macaroni Coupons; Kirkman and Octagon soaps; Borden's, Sego and Modesta milk; Filbert's margarine and salad coupons. Ohio Sales Tax stamps are very valuable and we are glad to receive any of the "trade stamps" such as Green Merchants, S&H, United Trading, Liberty, Top Value, Gold Square, Gold Bell, "Triple S" etc. Any of these will be used for the benefit of the Motherhouse Building Fund.

Thank you very much, Father. We have had good results so far and hope to do better in the future." †

SOAP COUPONS

OUR SISTERS are working very hard to pay for the new addition to their convent that is now being erected. In connection with this, Sister Mary Paul, S.A., writes as follows: "We found out that advertising pays so we beg you to give us a wee space in

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

IN SOME of the copies of THE LAMP this month we have bound a catalogue of religious gifts that can be obtained at the Graymoor Gift Shop. If you are one of the lucky ones we would ask you to remove the catalogue carefully so that it won't be destroyed. You will see that it contains a fine assortment of religious articles, rosaries, medals, pendants, etc., that would make exquisite Christmas gifts. Order soon and allow us three weeks for delivery. If you would like to have one of these catalogues just drop a card to Father General, Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y., asking for it. It's free. †

See inside front cover for details

Educate

a worthy boy so that he can reach the Altar of God

Co-operate

in the Missionary work of the Graymoor Friars

Participate

in God's Holy work for the Salvation of Souls

You CAN satisfy the charity burning in your heart to do all of these things. Perhaps, in justice to yourself, you feel that you cannot do them right now. But by remembering the Graymoor Friars in your will you can accomplish all this and share in the rewards promised by Christ. Keep alive the Christian tradition of real charity by sharing something with Christ, Our Blessed Lord and Saviour

Here's How:

Merely insert in your will: I give, devise, and bequeath to the Friars of the Atonement, Inc., Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y., the sum of $_____

The Fairy Tale Saint

Continued from page 11

died too poor to provide for the little girl. Perhaps she was a neighborhood waif, and because the Cousins were so influential a family in the village of Pibrac, she became their responsibility. Many times servants were given the family name of those for whom they worked.

Who Germaine Cousin really was did not matter to God and his angels and it should not matter to any man.

Suffice it to say that Madame Cousin did not want Germaine in her home and on a forty acre farm, located a mile from the village, what happened to the unfortunate child was the "stepmother's" private affair. She hated Germaine and she vented her hatred in violent physical attacks.

At the slightest provocation she beat Germaine until the little girl fell unconscious. Germaine was then pushed into a corner and left to revive by herself.

There is no evidence that the villagers bestirred themselves in Germaine's behalf. Madame Cousin was a power in the community and rather than offend her they added to the burdens of Germaine with ridicule and hostility. The little children of the village, however, liked to steal away into the meadows where Germaine tended the Cousin flock from time to time. There they sat listening to her tell them about the goodness of God and His Infinite Love. Certainly no one was better qualified to talk on that subject than this despised and abused girl.

Beside her shriveled and partially paralyzed right arm and hand, Germaine was afflicted by scrofula, so that she was never free of illness, to which was added the pain and suffering she endured from her many beatings.

Germaine repaid the abuse she received with love and affection. So tender-hearted was she that she harbored no resentment against her "stepmother" but tried in every way to win her affection. The distress of others was hers also, and often she went without food entirely so that she might give what little she had to someone else who was hungry.

The village church, the same small church where her body is now enshrined, was the only place in all of Pibrac which opened its doors to the outcast Germaine. There she attended Mass, received religious instructions and made her First Holy Communion.

Later, when strange happenings focused attention on her, villagers remembered how devotedly she had

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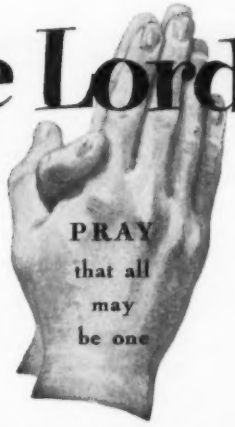
One Faith-One Lord



November 14: St. Josaphat. The following story of the relics of this great saint of reunion who was martyred in 1623 was told by Msgr. Roman J. Nuwer, former brigadier general in the U.S. Army Corps. In the fall of 1945 after Russian and American forces occupied Vienna, Msgr. Nuwer was called to ecclesiastical headquarters and told: "Recover the relics of St. Josaphat."

The body of the saint was in the crypt of St. Barbara's church in the Russian sector of the city and the Russians intended to destroy all relics. The chaplain gathered a number of soldiers who disguised themselves as coal-carriers and made their way across the Iron Curtain. At St. Barbara's Church they began to unload half a ton of coal. They then walked into the church, took the body from the crypt, carried it to their truck and covered it with coal.

The body was placed in a box marked "engineering equipment" and after the Reds had let the truck go past their sector they opened fire. Fortunately they got to the U.S. Zone and then the box was loaded on a plane which went to Spain, France, and North Africa before reaching Vatican City where the precious relics now rest. The feast of St. Josaphat is November 14. Pray to him for the peoples of Russia, that they may return to the faith, and for all behind the Iron Curtain, that they may have the spiritual stamina to suffer for the cause of Christ.

Apostolate of Love. In the work of reunion of the Eastern Christians separated from the Holy See, the faithful must exercise charity. "Let us give an example of brotherhood which will manifest true equality," said the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Amleto Cicognani. "'We must appear as such and be such in our actions and in our words and always with a mutual deep-felt benevolence. It is unnecessary to mention that this equality extends also to the rites. The Church considers them all on the same plane, be they Latin or Oriental, and there is no rite superior to another. The Sovereign Pontiffs have called attention to this on many occasions.

"Only through an apostolate of love inspired by the charity of Christ and performed with prayer and action —prayer most of all, and let it be a prayer of true brotherhood—can there ever be a reunion of the East and West." (Unionistic Congress, St. Procopius Abbey, Lisle, Ill. Sept. 1, 1957).

Fifty Years of the Unity Octave. In 1958 we shall mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Chair of Unity Octave which began at Graymoor under our noble founder, Fr. Paul James Francis, S.A. We who have the faith should share the charity and zeal of Fr. Paul who wrote after a year in the Church: "As for those whom we have left behind in the Anglican Communion our heart's desire is that they too may have the gift of Peter's faith and follow us into the Catholic fellowship which is theirs quite as much as ours, if they will but free themselves from that intellectual and spiritual bondage wherewith the Tudor Pharaoh bound our forefathers and their posterity in the House of Anglicanism." (LAMP, Nov. 1910, 568.)

As far as we know the first words in THE LAMP about the Octave appeared in the issue of February, 1908, after the Octave was observed for the first time. "There was an observance this year for the first time of a *Church Unity Octave* [the former name used until 1949] from the feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome January 18, to Paul's Day, January 25. The seed-thought was dropped into our mind by a letter from England last November, an impromptu conference with two Anglo-Roman clergymen generated the idea, and without any public announcement several thousand people were gotten to join almost spontaneously in the observance, both Roman Catholics and Anglicans."

Catholic priests and religious joined in the prayer and one of them wrote to Fr. Paul: "I will gladly join the novena by making a special memento each morning at Holy Mass and also reciting the divine office each day that God may bring about that which we all so earnestly desire."

And Fr. Paul completed the brief editorial with these thoughts: "There is a peculiar fitness in this particular Octave for united prayer and effort to further true Catholic Unity, because it links the names of the two great Apostles who jointly founded the Holy Roman Church with the Chair of Peter, which is by divine appointment the center around which all must rally and whose authority all must acknowledge before the whole body of the faithful can constitute one fold under one shepherd. Under the divine blessing let us hope that this Church Unity observance so auspiciously begun, may be kept with increasing enthusiasm by increasing numbers year after year until Our Lord's Prayer, *Ut omnes unum sint*, is completely fulfilled." (26). May it be kept with all possible fervor in 1958.

Defending the Church. Most Reverend William Godfrey, Archbishop of Westminster in his pastoral letter of Trinity Sunday, answered the charge that Catholics are "waging war against the Church of England." "We should be failing in our mission were we not to strive with all our might to make known the teachings of Christ to all the nations of the world. Even for those who do not admit our jurisdiction we must do everything possible to bring about the fulfillment of the words of Our Lord: 'I have other sheep too which do not belong to this fold. I must bring them too: they will listen to my voice; so there will be one fold and one shepherd.' (Jn 10:16).

"'Unfortunately there are those who look upon our endeavors to spread the truth as an attack upon their own communion. Even the annual publication of our statistics is interpreted as an unwarranted claim to progress, taking no account of losses. Whilst it is no doubt true that some Catholics become careless and lapse from their faith, our experience is not that they join other religions but that they sink, alas, into indifference. However, no unfair or unworthy criticism of the way in which we try to carry out the mandate of Christ can be allowed to check or slow down our efforts. 'God has more right to be obeyed than men.'" (Acts 5:29).

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The Fairy Tale Saint

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prayed at the shrine of Our Lady in the little parish church.

Germaine, who was required to take the sheep daily into the meadows or the forest, went daily to Mass. To do so she had to cross the Courbet, a stream which usually could be waded, but sometimes became a turbulent flood. One day the villagers were dumbfounded to see the rushing waters part so Germaine might pass safely. This happened on several occasions and the word spread quickly. Other matters came up for discussion.

Why did not the fierce wolves of Bouconne ever attack the girl who walked frail and bleeding from her beatings into their dark domain? Why had every flock in the village been ravaged by the beasts with the one exception of the sheep Germaine tended?

The villagers kept their eyes open and so noted another strange occurrence. When Germaine went to Mass, she struck her distaff into the ground and the sheep hovered around it as though held by some invisible power. The distaff and a supply of wool went with Germaine as she shepherded the Cousin flock, for the "stepmother" demanded that the crippled child spin a certain amount of wool daily into thread. This had to be accomplished in rain, snow, sleet and during the intense heat of summer. Failure to accomplish the task brought severe punishment. Indeed the "stepmother" had a small, white slave at her disposal whom she used and abused outrageously.

One night several villagers, who were passing the farm, heard a heavenly melody coming from the stable where Germaine slept. As they neared, the music stopped, but they saw Germaine kneeling in prayer, her head crowned with a brilliant light, her face glowing radiantly. As they started to enter the stable the heavenly music resumed suddenly and they fled in panic.

Germaine was now a young woman in her twenties. One snowy winter morning shortly before her death, some villagers saw her being pursued down the road by her "stepmother" as Germaine drove her flock to pasture. Shrilly, the woman accused Germaine of concealing stolen bread in her apron and threatened her with a club.

Germain unfolded her apron and fragrant flowers of a kind unknown in Pibrac spilled to the snowy ground. Two villagers, Pierre Pailles and Jeanne Salaires, who witnessed the miracle, testified to it many years later under oath.

Now there was a change in the village. Surely Germaine was strangely gifted! Surely she was one of God's chosen ones.

One night, early in the summer of 1601, two monks were travelling from Toulouse (ten miles from Pibrac) and lost their way in the dense forest. They took shelter in a ruined castle and about midnight saw a wide beam of light which made a path from heaven to earth. A hauntingly beautiful melody filled the sky and brilliant beings in white followed the pathway and entered what seemed to be a barn. When they came forth again they escorted a figure crowned with a garland of flowers.

Reaching the village the following morning the monks asked whether someone had died during the night.

"A girl named Germaine," they were told. "She died during the night in the Cousin stable."

The Cinderella Saint lived her life out in a stable; she was abused by her wicked "stepmother" and ridiculed by others, but unlike the fairly tale princess, whose transformation into something beautiful ended as the clock struck twelve, Germaine's transformation started that midnight in 1601 when she was only twenty-two.

The Cousins were unaware of what was transpiring in their stable. The following morning, however, the bleating of the sheep made a cacophony of sound in the Cousin kitchen. Someone was sent to awaken Germaine, but the sleeping girl did not respond from her bed of leaves and vine twigs under the stairway.

The messenger stared at Germaine. She was not breathing, not breathing at all; and she looked so happy, so—so beautiful! How could this be!

Immediately the alarm sounded and the "stepmother" and her children hurried to the stable. They burst into tears! Germaine was dead! Then came another thought. Everyone from the village would be calling! Hurriedly they moved the pitiful rag-clad body into the house.

Who knows what excuses they made to themselves and to others. After all, who had known she was sick enough to die? Besides, she preferred the stable. Several times lately they had offered her a bed in the house. (After the miraculous manifestations regarding Germaine, the "stepmother" had become less severe with her.) These rags? Well, they must not be seen on her now. They would buy

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Graymoor In Japan

Conducted by Fr. Titus Cranny, S.A.

Catholic Newspapers. After Sunday Mass Mr. Luke Shibazaki distributes Catholic papers to members of the congregation.

IN HATANO. In the winter of 1951, a little Japanese house across the street from the police station was made into the first Catholic mission in Hatano. A city of 40,000 people, Hatano nestles in a broad valley of the Tanzawa Mountains 19 miles southwest of Yokohama. The chief products of its fertile farmland are peanuts and tobacco.

The first Catholic priest assigned to this city was Fr. Ambrose Kenney, S.A. from St. Bernard's Parish, Worcester, Mass. He came to Japan after serving as U.S. Army chaplain in the Aleutians, the Philippines and Okinawa during World War II. But his responsibility was not confined to Hatano only; his district included these neighboring cities as well: Yamakita (16,685); Isehara (26,799); Matsuda, (10,188) and Atsugi (39,406).

In a short while Fr. Ambrose realized the impossibility of the task alone. When funds became available he secured the assistance of two outstanding lay helpers. The man catechist, a gentleman in his early seventies, Mr. Luke Shibazaki, had two priceless assets: mature age and a distinguished background. As a young man he had graduated with honors from the Foreign Language College of Tokyo and entered the Japanese Foreign Service. For thirty-five years he served his country with distinction in Europe, Asia, and America. Because of his eminent career and venerable age, Mr. Shibazaki has won the respect of the people of Hatano and brought them to an interested hearing of the gospel.

• • •

THERESA SHIMOTSUJI. *The other catechist is Theresa Shimotsuji who has taken private vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience as a member of the secular institute, the catechists of Blessed Mary, Virgin and Mother. Though dressing like any other young lady, Theresa has dedicated her life to the missions. Her activities include playing the organ, training the choir, teaching Sunday school, visiting the sick, and directing the Legion of Mary. Because of varied activities, Theresa may be seen whizzing through town on her bicycle or marching into the country with her Girl Scout Troop.*

Hatano's Pastor. Fr. Ambrose Kenney, S.A. from Worcester, Mass. in front of his church in Hatano, Japan

The Growing Church. In rural areas the major festivals of the Shinto shrines and Buddhist temples are local holidays. The townspeople, dressed in colorful costumes, parade through the streets pulling brightly decorated floats and portable shrines. There is music, dancing, and all kinds of merry-making. To draw the people away from these rites which play so prominent a part in the social life of the town is extremely difficult. But through the efforts of Fr. Ambrose and his two zealous co-workers the Catholics of Hatano have risen from 5 to 118. Among the converts are two medical doctors, five nurses, four school teachers, and the two daughters of the Hon. Torakichi Shimizu, Mayor of Hatano.

• • •

The Need: More Cathechists. So far little has been done outside the city of Hatano itself. So much more could be accomplished in the nearby towns if there were more catechists like Theresa Shimotsuji and Luke Shibazaki. Won't you help us to reap a greater harvest by sending more laborers into the Lord's vineyard? Support a native catechist—$45.00 per month—$12.00 per week. Help in this way to save immortal souls.

• • •

THE MISSIONARY. "The mission career is not an extraordinary one, fit only for specially generous souls . . . The missioner is part and parcel of the Church's organization and is no more extraordinary, no more a luxury, than any other workman for God." (Bp. Francis X. Ford, M.M.).

Catholic Girls Scouts. Miss Theresa Shimotsuji leads some of her troop in prayer.

See inside front cover for details

The Fairy Tale Saint

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her a new dress (the only new dress Germaine ever had). No one would be able to say they, the Cousins, didn't do all they could for the girl.

The villagers came to see the young woman they had despised during her brief lifetime. In death the fragile cripple, with the scars on her neck, had become a hauntingly lovely "sleeping beauty." Her cheeks were delicately flushed and her lips wore a faint smile.

One can almost hear Madame Cousin saying: "The new dress sets her off, of course. So does the wreath of carnations and rye stalks the village girls made for her hair."

Assuredly the "stepmother" was proud of the last arrangements for Germaine, who was buried beneath the flagstones of the village church in the Cousin place opposite the pulpit.

"Remember man that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." Not so for Germaine Cousin.

In 1644, a distant relative of Germaine, a woman named Edualde, died. Since she had requested burial next to her kin in the Cousin place, two men, Guillard Barous and Nicholas Case, started removing the flagstones. Upon lifting one they were stunned to find the body of a beautiful girl lying on the surface of the ground. A pick used in loosening the stone had struck her nose, severing a small portion, and the wound was bleeding. But there had been no burial so recent. She had not started to decompose even. Besides they had never seen her before.

The working men sounded an alarm and villagers hurried to the church, the younger inhabitants getting there first. They shook their heads. Nobody knew this girl! Then a few of the older people reached the church. They looked once, twice. They exchanged stunned glances. "It is Germaine Cousin!" one of them whispered. "See the scar on her neck and the withered arm."

"That is the dress her 'stepmother' bought for her burial," someone added.

People went to their knees and crossed themselves. "I myself helped make that wreath of carnations and rye stalks," a woman who was in her late fifties said, tears streaming down her face. "Look, they are still fresh and fragrant. Do you know how long it has been? It was in 1601, remember? It was forty-three years ago!"

The intact body of Germaine Cousin was removed from the ground and enshrined in the village church of Pibrac. Devotion to her spread throughout France and in 1661, sixty years after her death, recognition was made of the marvelous occurrences at Pibrac. Monsignor Jean Dufour secured signed, witnessed and notarized accounts of the miracles recorded in the village in a register. The two villagers, who witnessed the miracle of the flowers cascading from Germaine's apron into the snow, testified under oath. A report was filed with the Archbishop of Toulouse, but thirty-nine years passed before further action was taken in Germaine's behalf. In 1700, Father Joseph de Morel commenced a voluminous file which was entrusted to Father Constantine Figeac, a Capuchin monk, who was on his way to Rome. Immediately upon arrival, Father Constantine was assigned to Mesopotamia, so he left the papers at the Capuchin Monastery in Rome where they were lost, and the cause of Germaine lay dormant for over a century.

In 1793, the intact body of Germaine was subjected to the violence of the French revolution. The devotion to her was branded a superstition by the revolutionists and a tinsmith named Toulza was sent to Pibrac to stamp it out. Four men of the village were selected to carry out the mission, but one of them fled when he found out what it was. The others dug a hole in the sacristy floor of the parish church, threw Germaine's body into it and covered it with quicklime and water.

The disfigurement intended for Germaine was visited swiftly upon her three defamers. Each of them suffered crippling physical impairments and paralysis. Two of the men begged forgiveness of Germaine years later and were immediately restored to health. The third remained crippled for life.

In 1795, when the flames of the revolution had burned low, the people of Pibrac begged that Germaine's body be taken from the lime pit into which it had been thrown two years earlier. When this was done, Germaine was found little harmed by the quicklime. Even her clothing remained intact and fresh drops of blood adhered to the veil which covered her face.

Pope Gregory XVI was in office in 1845 when Father Estrade presented a voluminous sheaf of documents advancing the cause of Germaine, among which were documented accounts of four hundred miracles attributed to her. The Pope received Father Estrade coldly and, for a month and a half, he kept pushing the documents to one side on his desk. One day, with extreme reluctance, he took them up and instantly he was overwhelmed by the magic of Germaine. The charm of this abused and loving girl laid such a hold upon him that he was unable to get her out of his mind. It was not her countless miracles which held him spellbound, but her utter sweetness of spirit and loveliness of soul.

He bestowed the title of "Venerable" on Germaine on May 23, 1845, and his last official signature was approval of the preliminary decree of her beatification.

Pope Pius IX continued to work toward the beatification of Germaine during his exile. The decree proclaiming the virtues of Germaine was promulgated within a month after his return to Rome in 1850. Of Germaine's many miracles, four were selected, two multiplications of bread and flour obtained for the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Bourges, and two restorations to health of children, Jacqueline Cathula and Philip Luc, whose afflictions had been declared medically incurable. The beatification of Germaine took place on May 7, 1854.

Ten years passed and the Holy See was flooded with requests for Germaine's canonization. On June 29, 1867, the great day finally arrived. Pope Pius IX made the solemn proclamation from his throne that Blessed Germaine of Pibrac was henceforth enrolled upon the list of saints. He entreated the whole world to "Go to Germaine."

Even after her canonization, however, ills have beset the "Saint the world needs," as she was designated by Pope Gregory XVI.

Even now her shrine for which plans were laid in 1901, stands unfinished and desolate, a nesting place for bats and owls. Two world conflicts and the devaluation of French money have made it impossible for the people of Pibrac to honor their special Saint who works miracles of love for anyone who has a little to share with her. †

(Further information about Saint Germaine may be secured by writing to Monsignor Joseph A. Keener, St. Germaine Guild, 2695 Winchester Drive, Pittsburgh 22, Pennsylvania, to whom the author is indebted for permission to use certain factual information contained in correspondence and in Monsignor Keener's booklet, "The Saint We Need.")

Island Doctor

Continued from page 15

in the dark suit. "Father Shannon," he said abruptly. "I was rude last night. I'm sorry."

The priest's smile was a benedic-

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Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan

By the Light of the Lamp

VOTIVE LIGHTS . . . I mentioned to a friend of mine that I had lit a votive candle in thanks to St. Anthony for a favor that I had received through his intercession. He told me that lighting a votive lamp was a waste of time and money and that it would have been just as good to offer my prayers in thanks. If that is so why do we have votive lights?

If you say your prayers in thanksgiving to a Saint you do him, or give him, internal honor and praise. If you light a votive lamp at his shrine you give him external honor and in a way you help spread devotion to him. Now which is better, internal or external? Obviously the internal honor to a Saint that comes from your heart would be much better than merely external honor that had no meaning. But who puts a match to a votive light in this frame of mind. The burning of a votive light is an exterior sign of the inward thanks and the heartfelt gratitude that we have towards the Saint who has helped us through his intercession. In other words, the normal person says his prayers of thanksgiving and if he so desires lights a votive lamp too. Always remember though that the highest praise and honor we can give to a saint is to imitate his virtues.

* * * *

CHASUBLE . . . Why does the Mass server raise the chasuble at the time of Consecration?

The chasuble is the outer vestment worn by the priest when he is saying Mass. Originally these chasubles were quite ample. They were highly ornate and being decorated with medallions and thread of gold and silver they were very heavy. The server raises the chasuble at the time of Consecration to take its weight off the priest's arms so that he can more easily raise the Sacred Host and the Chalice for the veneration of the people. There is no particular symbolic significance to the action. In the old days, raising the chasuble at that time was very practical.

* * * *

ABSTINENCE FOR SERVICEMEN . . . Why are Servicemen and their families excused from abstaining from meat on Fridays? I could understand this during war time or even on the Post, but it becomes confusing when soldiers or sailors live with their wives and children off the Post and eat meat every Friday.

One of the divisions of Church Law is into territorial laws and personal laws. A territorial law is one that binds only persons who are present in the territory; a personal law binds the residents of a particular territory even while they are absent from the territory. In short, a personal law follows the person wherever he goes; a territorial law is limited to the territory for which it was enacted. The same rule would be applied to exemptions from the law.

So, therefore, the exemption from the law of fasting applies to Servicemen and their families no matter where they may be.

We cannot give the reason that prompted the Church to exempt Servicemen and their families from the general law of abstinence. We do not know what those reasons were but we do know that in the minds of the Legislators who are very learned and holy men those reasons were good and more than sufficient.

* * * *

FEAR OF THE DEAD . . . Recently my father passed away. Because of his stern and strict behavior and methods of punishment, I feared him when a youngster and even after my marriage. He was a good father and I loved him very much. Now, after his death, I find myself still in fear. I feel he is constantly watching me. Several of my non-Catholic friends have discussed this and they too would like to know: can the dead only see your good acts and why we should not fear the dead? I am sure there are others who are going through the same emotional period after a death in the family and I would appreciate an answer in your column.

We should have no fear of the dead whatsoever. If they are in Hell they know nothing about us and could not harm us anyway. If they are in Heaven or in Purgatory they can seek only our good.

The souls in Purgatory and the saints in Heaven know about us upon earth in God's way and as God lets them know. Precisely what God lets them know or how much God lets them know we are not sure. But regardless of how much or how little the souls in Purgatory and the saints in Heaven know about our life and conduct, it would be very foolish to fear them in any way, for again, bound to us as they are by the ties of the Communion of Saints as well as the ties of relationship, they can seek only our good.

* * * *

USE AND ABUSE . . . Would you please tell me if I am wrong in hesitating to let my non-Catholic friends read our official Diocesan Catholic weekly newspaper because of the advertising? I have counted as high as 17 separate local beverage ads in one issue, including almost full page ads.

I sincerely inquire. Can it be a part of the God-given mission of the Catholic Press to sell what for countless individuals is an occasion of grave sin? How thereby can the Catholic Apostolic obligation be fulfilled when we have so many "neighbors" who honestly consider drinking a sin for this reason?

Unfortunately there are a good number of people who cannot make the distinction between the use and the abuse of things. Beer, wine, and liquor are all creatures of Almighty God. He made them for the benefit of man and consequently they are good. If one uses them properly they can and do contribute to the comfort and happiness of life. Christ Our Lord Himself drank wine and after His example we use it every day in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. St. Paul advised his disciple to "take a little wine for the stomach's sake". Unfortunately there are a lot of people in the world who abuse the good gifts that God has given us. Sin is committed when one abuses these good gifts.

It is not a sin to drink liquor; it is a sin to drink too much, just as it is a sin to eat too much. Now the Catholic papers do not advocate that anyone commit sin by drinking too much; they merely present the fact that liquor can be bought in such and such a place.

See inside front cover for details

At St. Anthony's Feet

ST. ANTHONY'S BRIEF. Thousands of clients all over the world make a practice of wearing or carrying on their persons a copy of the famous Brief of St. Anthony, believing that by so doing, and having devotion to the saint, they ensure his protection for themselves against dangers of soul and body.

The Brief had its origin in one of those characteristic miracles by which it would seem that the Saint loves to demonstrate his keen interest in and solicitude for the spiritual and temporal troubles for all who invoke him.

It is said that a poor Portuguese woman, demented with grief and trouble, planned to end her life by drowning in the River Tagus (Portugal). On her way to the river, she passed a shrine of St. Anthony. She felt inspired to throw herself on her knees to beg a last prayer, as she thought, to the saint. While kneeling at the foot of the statue she fell into a deep sleep and upon wakening she found herself delivered from the temptation to take her own life. Around her neck she found the Brief or Letter of St. Anthony.

When the story got around, the people were curious and were anxious to see the brief. King Denis took the brief and put it in the royal archives, but the woman was again on the point of suicide. The brief was returned to her and she persevered in goodness until the end of her life.

Since then thousands of copies of the brief have been spred to all parts of the world. It is printed on paper and linen, stamped on iron and aluminum, engraved in bronze, silver and gold. It is engraved on the obelisk which stands in the square of St. Peter's in Rome, a work accomplished under Pope Sixtus V.

The brief may be placed on any durable substance. It consists of a cross without the figure of Our Lord, together with the following words, taken from the Breviary for the feast of the Holy Cross: *Ecce crucem Domini. Fugite partes adversae. Vicit Leo de tribu Juda, Radix David. Alleluia.* "Behold the Cross of the Lord. Flee, ye adversaries. The Lion of the Tribe of Jude, the Root of David has conquered. Alleluia."

The brief may be worn around the neck or carried in a purse or in any other suitable way. There are no special prayers prescribed, but as it is worn to obtain the protection and

help of St. Anthony, it is recommended that a short prayer be said to him daily, and the following is very suitable:

"May he intercede for us, O Lord, thy holy confessor Anthony, upon whom, adorned with heroic virtues, Thou didst bestow the gift of miracles, even unto working prodigious signs and wonders. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen."

LOVING THE LITURGY. "The Evangelical Doctor with a truly Catholic sense perceived that Christ teaches us through His Church in the liturgy. The liturgy is a school that forms the Christian intellect and inspires the Christian heart. The great Paduan preacher must rejoice at the liturgical movement that has received such an impetus from the Pope who declared him a Doctor of the Church. With his blessed Father Francis, Anthony must have gloried in the International Liturgical Congress that was held in the home town of the Franciscans, Assisi, in September, 1956." (Fr. Juniper Cummings, OFM Conv.)

EXAMPLE OF ST. ANTHONY. "Just as our saint, by Christian wisdom, illumined his stormy age, infected everywhere with immorality and imbued it with the sweetness of his virtue so it is hoped that . . . in our times too—so often unmindful of God and eternal happiness, and constantly tossed about by the desire of pleasures and craving for unrestrained liberty—will be moved and attracted by St. Anthony's example to those higher and nobler things for which we are born and destined." †

Island Doctor

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tion. "I'll pardon you if you'll come by one evening and play cribbage." He waved and turned up the rocky slope toward the Church. A good man, Ben thought, watching him. And a brave one. Ben had seen him white to the lips with that bursitis, and always the smile that he wore like a badge. All that busy morning the little priest kept returning to Ben's mind. Funny. Like any medical man, he had seen suffering do ugly things to some, the same suffering ennoble others. Matter of tolerance to pain in part, anyway; but something else, too. Might make a medical paper some day. The noon boat from the mainland bleated its arrival, and it had been a good morning.

The door crashed open and Mrs. Cavarelli, mountainous and wailing, loomed in the doorway. She was carrying a weeping child. Ben recognized and hated the knot that tightened in him as he took the limp boy in his arms.

"Stop crying," he said, and the fear put an unwanted edge on his voice. Tony Cavarelli wept louder. He was ghastly pale, clammy with sweat. As he panted for breath, little bubbles of saliva gathered on his lips. He retched agonizingly.

"When did this start?"

"Now only, Doctor," Mrs. Cavarelli sobbed. "Playing alone in the boathouse, my baby. I find him like this, dying, the bottles around him."

"Bottles?" A warning bell clanged in Ben's racing mind. "What bottles? What was in them?"

Mrs. Cavarelli rocked helplessly. "Just bottles. Tony, Baby!"

At a pounding run, Ben raced to the Cavarelli boathouse. Frantically he gathered the clutter of bottles into an untidy bundle in his coat. Insecticide. Arsenic for destroying rats. Raw alcohol. But which had the boy swallowed? He had to know. Cradling the bottles, he sprinted back to the office, kicked open the door.

Fat hand swinging, Mrs. Cavarelli was spanking Tony. Leaning back comfortably in Ben's chair was Doctor Moon.

"Smoke Poppa's cigar, you!" Mrs. Cavarelli was shouting. "To death, scare Momma! That and that and that!" She yanked the squalling child to his feet. Only then did she see Ben. She looked at the bottles bundled in the coat, looked at Doctor Moon, and her great body began to shake. "Bottles!" she screamed. "Bottles!" Roaring with laughter, she waddled from the office.

Ben placed the bottles carefully on

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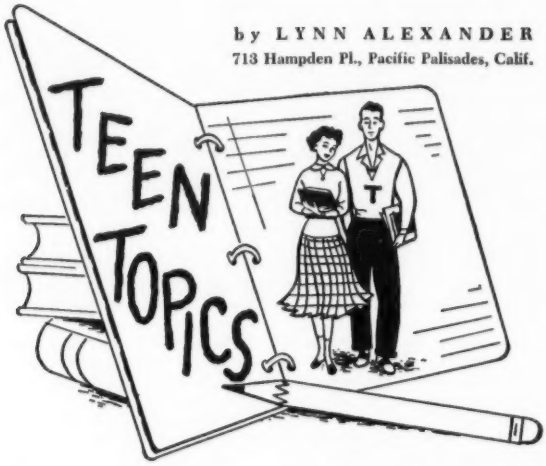
Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan



by LYNN ALEXANDER
713 Hampden Pl., Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Dear Lynn,

Everything seems to go wrong for me. I think it's because I'm not very pretty and really not very smart. The other girls get all the best dates and have all the fun. Whenever I am out with the crowd, I always manage to do the wrong thing.

I would like to be so different than I am—but I don't see how this can ever be. It looks like I will always be stuck with a drab personality and find myself in the background while others are laughing and having a good time. Is there anything I could possibly do to change?

God bless you,
Sharon

To begin with, Sharon, you need to do a lot of personal housecleaning. Through these last years you have allowed plenty of cobwebs to collect in your thinking. They have become such a part of your personality that you now find yourself with an inferiority complex.

An inferiority complex covers a wide range of things but mostly it means that you do not consider yourself on a par with other teens. You're not as pretty, as smart, as talented, as capable, as reliable, as popular, or as personable. And you have become so set in this poor opinion of yourself that you feel that there is no hope for you. Well, actually, Sharon, it's just as disastrous to under-estimate yourself as it is to over-estimate yourself! You are your own worst enemy! When someone does comment favorably upon an accomplishment or your clear complexion or your friendly smile, you find yourself thinking "Oh, she just said that to be nice!"

THE TEEN with the true inferiority complex is forever belittling himself. "I'll never make the football team," he complains. "I'm just not that fast on my feet." Or the girl says, "Just look at my hair. Isn't it a mess?" Now, neither teen expects confirmation of his poor regard for himself. He hopes for reassurance but even while he does so, he knows ahead of time that he won't believe it. Recently one girl wrote to me, "I am so ugly. Yet all of my friends tell me how beautiful I am. Every day they say how pretty I look and that I am one of the most attractive girls in school. I wish I could believe them but I don't." Inconsistent? Yes, somewhere there is certainly a discrepancy. But each day this little lass makes a note to moan about her looks and prod her friends into telling her that she is beautiful. She begs for their flattery just as a little dog would sit up and beg for a bone!

SOME YEARS AGO my teen-age daughter had an inferiority complex about her marks in school. I couldn't understand it until one day shortly after report cards came out I observed, "You're certainly a lot smarter than these grades would indicate!" Nita's ears perked up with interest. "But I'm not smart enough to make A's," she said. "Why not?" I asked. "Well, I wasn't born with the brains that the A students have," she confessed.

"You think it's only a matter of being born with brains?" I asked in surprise. "Why, the A students have no more brains than you do. The difference is that they spend more time studying. They apply themselves!"

Nita thought that over for a long while. Silently she made a resolution to give it a try. It was a half-hearted resolution, to be sure. She wasn't convinced that a mountain didn't separate her from the brainy kids in school. But it was worth finding out. She began to study in earnest. When the time rolled around for the next report card, she had raised almost every one of her marks. "It really does work!" she cried in delight. "It works just like you said it did!"

THE TEEN with an inferiority complex invariably blames himself for everything. "If I hadn't been so dumb, this wouldn't have happened," he explains. Or the girl says of the date that turned out to be a dud, "There must be something the matter with me; otherwise, we would have had a good time!" Taking the blame occasionally is well and good. It does no harm to admit when we are at fault. But it is poor strategy on the part of any teen to accept the blame when he is not in error.

The constant question raging through this uncertain teen's mind is, "What are other people thinking about me? What are they finding the matter with me?" He or she becomes self-conscious about every minor thing: Did I laugh too loudly? Was the joke I told too juvenile? Did I put on too much lipstick this morning? Should I have walked over and said hello to Stephen? Was I wrong in inviting Ted to go to Mass with me? Why didn't I say something really scintillating when I met that new girl? Did I look like a silly goose running down the hall so fast? Each little event is taken and magnified and distorted until it becomes a tremendous burden. Useless hours are spent in going over and over the incident as though somehow just by wishing the episode could be changed and corrected.

This constant concentration on ME is the downfall of any personality. The most likeable teens are those who are concerned with the other fellow. Instead of thinking about themselves, they are concentrating on setting the other teen at ease, making him smile, or providing him with something interesting and new.

AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX is not a state of affairs, it is a state of mind. Just because you have thought that something was so doesn't necessarily make it true. You may have thought that the boys will never get around to dating you because you are so plump. Maybe they won't if you keep on thinking that way. But once you begin to think—*and believe*—that you

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Teen Topics

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have as much to offer a friendship as anyone you know, then you will find that both boys and girls are attracted to you. When you refuse to belittle yourself and blame yourself for matters over which you have no control, you will be establishing yourself as an individual worth knowing.

Perhaps it might be a good idea once again to go back to that basic catechism and one of the first questions and answers you learned. "Who made you?" Sister asked, and you answered in undeniably clear tones, "God made me." Well, honestly, teens, He knew what He was doing at the time! He gave you a great deal to offer the world and has provided you with plenty of opportunities to improve upon those initial gifts! God does not make inferior people. It is only those who are blind to His many graces that ever considered themselves inferior!

For the new Pen Pal list, teens, drop me a note with your name, address, age, and twenty-five cents to cover handling costs. I'll get your list of new friends in the mail right away! 'Til next month then, God's best to you and yours! †

Island Doctor

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the desk. Little waves of uncontrolled anger shook him. More than he had ever hated anyone, he hated the old man across the desk.

"Go ahead," he said. "Laugh. Laugh like the whole stinking Island will be doing."

"I'm not laughing, Son. And don't feel too bad about it. I made the same mistake myself, 40-some years ago. It's the pallor of a kid after his first cigar that fools you. That and the vomiting."

"Get out."

The old face froze. "All right. I'll get out." At the door he paused and remarked, "I was tired last night. Spoke without thinking. I came over today to apologize.'"

"I don't need your apologies. You think I've lost my guts, don't you?"

"All right. You said it first. I think you've lost your guts."

Raw pride rowelled Ben. "You're an arrogant, self-righteous old man. And this I promise. I'll never again ask for your help. I don't need it."

"Your patients do. It's the kids, isn't it? Ever since that little Doyle girl died . . . . ."

"Get out!"

"Ever since she died you've been falling apart, Dines. Every diagnosis gets a little tougher to make. So you call for help. But this is an island. What happens when you need help some day, but help can't come—Doctor?"

For a long time after the door slammed, Ben sat staring at the diploma that attested his ability to heal the sick. He stirred as a warning gust of wind slapped rain against the building. Suddenly he had to move, outside, he bent against the wind and rain and walked toward the seashore.

Ben pushed himself up from the leaning rock that protected him from the chilling rain. Unseen but loud in the darkness, the sea fought the shore. For hours now he had been sitting here, fighting the black thing in him, trying to think. Once he dozed, wakened trembling with the face of Patty Doyle lingering even after the dream was gone. He stretched painfully and turned back toward the village. The night was pit-black except for intermittent slashes of lightning. Stumbling, he strained to catch a glimpse of the Island's guidepost, the steeple of the Church. As he looked, a furtive light flickered in the Church window, flickered again, went out.

For a long uncertain minute he watched. Nothing. Silent in the storm he walked to the door, listened. The faintest of furtive sounds, then silence again. His thick shoulders hunched. The thought of physical action, sudden and brutal, gave him pleasure. He slipped inside and stood in the deep shadows.

In the frail light of the vigil candles he saw a figure at the altar. It was Father Shannon, kneeling. For a long time Ben watched. Tired envy touched him. It must be good to kneel like that, good to shut out a shrieking world and find peace.

At last Father Shannon moved. Startled, Ben backed away, stumbled.

"Who is there?"

A strange shyness kept Ben silent; shyness, and curiosity to know what the little priest would do in the face of the unknown. "Who is there?" Without fear, Father Shannon walked toward the darker shadows.

"Doctor Dines, Father. I saw a light, thought I'd better check."

A flashlight cut the darkness. "I had forgotten this, Doctor. It was good of you to want to protect our Church." They walked together to the door and looked out into the driving rain.

"It will be worse before morning. But Doctor, you're soaked, man. Come in the rectory, now, and have coffee with me."

"No," Ben said perversely. "Thank you, no. Got to be getting along." And suddenly the decision was made. "I'm leaving the Island tomorrow. For good."

"We will miss you."

"Hate to leave. But there's this big opening in industrial medicine. More money, of course. Security. Future." His voice trailed off. Even in the darkness lying to this man came hard.

"We will miss you. But then surely you must come in for coffee and a bit of talk."

"But tomorrow is Sunday. You'll be busy."

"Like doctors, priests are always busy. But never too busy for talking with friends. However." He held out his hand. "Goodbye, Doctor, and God bless you in your work."

The loneliness that Ben had been sealing off welled up again, intolerably. "Could I change my mind on that coffee?"

Leaning back in the creaking kitchen chair, he watched the priest prepare coffee. It was quiet here, secure. He dozed, wakened with a start. The priest was looking down at him. There was understanding in the look, and gentleness, and profound pity. In silence they drank the coffee; silently they walked to the lightless front doorway.

"Your mind is made up, then? You're leaving the Island?"

"Yes. Yes, I've made up my mind."

"Then goodbye. Someday, perhaps. . . ."

The harsh knocking shook the door. Rain dripped from the big man who entered and followed the priest to the lighted kitchen.

"Sit down and warm yourself, John." Father Shannon said to the father of Patty Doyle. From the dark hallway, Ben watched. Better to slip out unseen, he thought; since the death of his child, John Doyle had made a point of looking elsewhere when Ben Dines came by.

"It's the boy, Father," Doyle said thickly. "Fine, he was, at bedtime. An hour back he wakened, crying with the pain here." He placed a huge hand on his midsection. "Sick of his stomach, and fevered."

"Appendicitis." The word was out before Ben could choke it back.

For the first time the big man saw Ben. A knot of muscle jerked in his cheek, but he nodded. "That's what the woman and I figured." He turned to the priest. "I hate to be away from the house, the boy as he is and the woman upset. Would it be too much to ask of you, Father, to get in touch with the Coast Guard about taking the boy to hospital on mainland?"

With shame and relief, Ben heard his rejection and his release. After all, the man had a right to choose his

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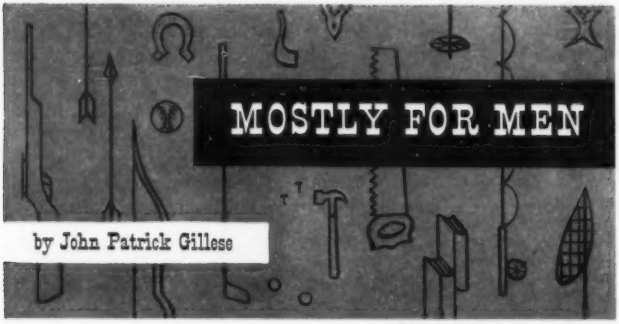
Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan



REMEMBER TO PRAY—This is the month of the Poor Souls—called "poor" because they are suffering in Purgatory and utterly unable to expedite their own atonement for the many sins and omissions of a short 60 years or so on earth.

For awhile they are completely dependent on God's mercy and on our works on their behalf. Each pain we offer up for our own dearly departed, or for the Poor Souls in general; each extra prayer; each Rosary, brings the day of relief, the moment of glorious and eternal Vision, that much closer to hand. The prayer you say tonight, the atonement you make, may bring some soul to his or her final reward.

This is just another of the great mysteries in which the Catholic Faith is rich. I like to think of it as a great mystery of God's mercy. "Nothing defiled may enter the Kingdom of Heaven!" So said Christ Himself—and it would be an awful thing if the words were unequivocal, for few there are who attain sainthood on earth. Fortunately, the "defilment"—providing it is not mortal, damming the soul to everlasting punishment—can be erased by the cleaning fires of Purgatory . . . and our prayers and penances.

Try sometime to explain this to your children, and you will understand why I call it merciful. "If a man," I tell them, "goes to jail, he may have to serve his whole sentence. But if his friends and neighbors get up a petition and take it to the authorities, that man may be pardoned much more quickly. How indebted then he is to those who loved him enough to do just that little to gain him his freedom."

Just why God should accept our prayers and sacrifices on behalf of those who are suffering just punishment for their transgressions, is a mystery and another mark of His unfathomable love for man. In the fullness of time, I suppose we shall see *clearly* why. We shall understand that we are, each of us, members of the one body—which is why sometimes, too, the just and the innocent must suffer for the sins of the unjust.

Like the mother of St. Augustine, we should not worry unduly about the casket we are buried in, or how elaborate our funeral will be—merely that our soul is remembered at the altar of God. And say what you will, the test of how dearly you loved is not the In Memoriam notice some people put in the newspapers every year on the anniversary of a loved one's death, but how often you sent up a reminder to God, asking out of love, that He forgive.

From a very human viewpoint, I would rather have one redeemed soul in heaven praying for *me* than a fortune in Liberty Bonds in the bank.

Which is, as you might suspect, bringing me to a point.

The point is that few men, I'm afraid, really recognize the value and importance of prayer. This goes hand-in-hand with a certain type of ignorance. Few men will scoff at a woman praying, or a child going to church. But there are far too many, each following the herd-instinct of his fellows, who think there is something not masculine, or at least queer, about men praying.

Possibly if a man was paid $2 an hour for praying and had a 40-hour prayer week, he'd be all for it. Sometime he should sit down and calculate how much it would cost him if (a) he was invalided and unable to work for the next 10 years; (b) his wife was hospitalized for a year; (c) if his son became involved with criminals and was sentenced to jail—or if his daughter married, let us say, an incurable alcoholic. This is for reflection only. No one wants to fall down and worship *out of fear* that God may permit one or all of these calamities if he doesn't; God wants love, not a cringing sort of subservience—and He wants it to be free, glorious, spontaneous acknowledgement by that rare creature that He made "only a little less than the angels." But you may go a step further and face the fact that everything you have comes from God: the minute He draws His breath from your body, you are gone to the dust from whence you came. It is not being mercenary then to recognize that it is not only good business, but plain common sense, to talk often—and every hour isn't a bit too often—to God.

In very Catholic countries, such as Ireland, you find that as a part of the people's way of life. "God be with you!" says a wife, as her husband leaves for work. "God see you safe home!" is the parting to visitors. "Run out to play and God take care of you!" say the mothers to their children. And that, while it might become a mere echo on occasions, is praying.

Our own speech is filled with Christian ejaculations, most of them from the days of "Mary's England." "Good day!" is from the old Saxon Catholic who wished his neighbor "God's day." The "holiday" you now enjoy was, not too long ago, a Catholic "holy day." So it goes.

Those "old days" were not nearly so dark as some would have us believe. I am cheered to find many secular authorities pointing with wonderment to the 13th century, the pre-Reformation period, contrasting its glories with our own. Look what some of them—often noted for their coldness to things Catholic—have been compelled to say.

PROF. T. H. HUXLEY (in a Rectorial Address to Aberdeen University): "The scholars of the Medieval Universities seem to have studied grammar, logic and rhetoric; arithmetic and geometry; astronomy, theology and music. Thus their work . . . brought them face to face with all the leading aspects of the many-sided mind of man. . . . I doubt if the curriculum of any modern university shows so clear and generous a comprehension of what is meant by culture."

Dr. Augustus Jessop (in *Before the Great Pillage*): "The evidence is abundant and positive, and is increasing upon us year by year, that the work done upon the fabric of our churches, and the other work done in beautifying of the interior of our churches, such as the woodcarving of our screens, the paintings of the lovely figures in the panels of these screens, the embroidery of the banners and vestments, the frescoes on the walls, the engraving of the monumental

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Mostly for Men

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brasses, the stained glass in the windows, and all the vast aggregate of artistic achievements which existed in immense profusion in our village churches till the 16th century stripped them bare—all this was executed by local craftsmen!"

Dr. Jessop, like others, is astonished that such high art could be so universally common to the people. He proves the point and then says:

"We get fairly bewildered by the wealth of skill and artistic taste and aesthetic feeling which there must have been in this England of ours, in times which till lately we had assumed to be barbaric times. Bewildered I say, because we cannot understand how it all came to a deadstop in a single generation, not knowing that the frightened spoliation of our churches and other parish buildings, and the outrageous plunder of the parish guilds in the reign of Edward the Sixth by the horrible band of robbers that carried on their detestable work, effected such a hideous obliteration, such a clean sweep of the precious treasures that were dispersed in rich profusion over the whole land, that a dull dispair of ever replacing what had been ruthlessly pillaged crushed the spirit of the whole nation, and art died out in rural England."

Mark those words: "We cannot understand how it all came to a deadstop in a single generation." Yet in the next breath that learned man practically gives us the answer: the attack on religion—the Catholic religion.

William Cobbett, in his *History of the Protestant Reformation*, tells us much the same story of how England fared when the Catholic faith was a way of life. ". . . England was, in Catholic times, a really wealthy country; that wealth was generally diffused; that every part of the country abounded in men of solid property; and that, of course, there were always great resources at hand in cases of emergency."

I could go on and on, but space does not permit. Dr. J. J. Walsh, in *The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries*, nails the myth of the "Dark Ages." Modern researchers have demonstrated that there is more poverty today, despite our fantastic technological advancement, than then. In addition, we have lost more freedom. (If you don't believe me, read it!)

It may seem hard reading for those of us who have become involved in the myth that civilization and the accumulation of technical know-how provide a broader basis for our well-being than did the culture of the so-called Dark Ages.

But it may also get over one point I wish to make throughout: that prayer is not only for women and children. It is for men—the kind of men who, from it, drew the strength and courage and vision to free slaves, uplift the dignity of women, establish the lowliest man in his own right, give us Magna Charta and the basis of our present parliaments, and who—when they had to—laid down their lives before compromising with their sacred honor.

We need a lot more of that type of man today. †

'go teach ye all nations'

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Island Doctor

Continued from page 26

own doctor. And maybe there wasn't too much danger in taking the child through the storm to mainland. And after all, usually, it was a routine thing. Might even be nothing but an upset stomach. Ben turned, paused, took three steps toward the door.

"Doctor Dines," Father Shannon said.

"Yes?"

"Would it be dangerous to move a child in that condition?"

"I don't know. Without examining him, I don't know."

"But wouldn't it be better for him to be examined before being moved?" The gentle voice left Ben nowhere to hide.

"Yes. But the decision is for Mr. Doyle to make."

For a long time there was only the sound of the storm outside. Doyle looked at Ben, looked at the priest. "Is that what I should do, Father?"

"I haven't the right to say, John."

"Tell me, then. This man here. Is he a good doctor?"

"Yes."

The fisherman nodded. To Ben he said, "I'd be grateful if you'd come to see to my son, Doctor. We could stop by your office on the way for the things you'll be needing." His labored calm broke. "But hurry, man! Hurry!"

The brightness of the kitchen window of Doyle's home swam into rainy view as the three men crested the short, rocky hill. A gaunt woman with thin, beseeching hands opened the door. The relief on her face froze as she saw Ben. She barred the door with her body. "No," she said.

"Elizabeth," Doyle said gently, "step aside now, so that the doctor can come in. He's only going to examine the boy." Followed by his wife, he pushed aside the curtain that separated kitchen from bedroom.

Ben walked to the glowing stove and warmed his hands. Clinically he diagnosed the dryness in his throat, the nausea. It was fear; raw fear of bending over this sick child and seeing again the face of Patty Doyle. Turning he saw the priest standing quietly before a faded print of Mother and Child. Ben breathed deeply, raggedly, pushed aside the curtain to the bedroom.

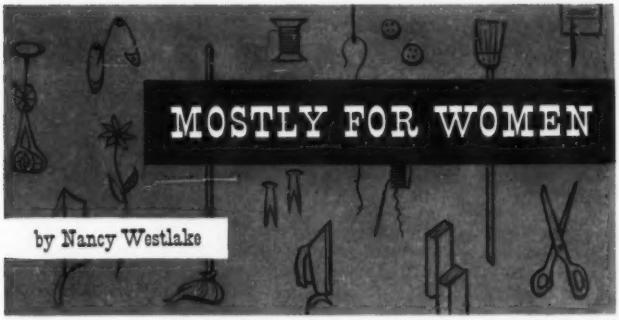
Ben breathed deeply, raggedly, walked back into the kitchen. The priest was still standing before the picture.

"Well, Doctor?"

"Appendicitis, of course." It felt good to raise his voice in anger. "That's a sick boy in there."

"You'll operate?"

Continued on page 30



LE MOT JUSTE
or, say that again and I'll hit you

MY MATERNAL GRANDMOTHER, rest in peace, had an appropriate comment for every occasion. If life's vicissitudes found her strong, they never found her silent. And by this I don't mean she was given to long, platitudinous commentaries . . . quite the reverse. Brevity was the soul of her wit, to paraphrase one of her favorite quotations. The terse word was her specialty, and an encyclopaedic mind enabled her to store an infinite variety of them away for future use and present delectation.

It was possibly this evident enjoyment of hers that used to make me quiver with frustration. I know now that she meant well, as the saying goes, and that she sincerely believed in the curative powers of the incisive sentence when applied to melancholia, *Weltschmerz*, or general calf-sickness. But somehow this cautery never comforted . . . unless one counts the sort of comfort offered by the friends of Job. Such formulae as "You never miss the water till the well runs dry" (I had used up my entire season pass to the Philharmonic in three weeks by seeing "The Student Prince" eight times, through a fog of happy adolescent tears); "There is no such word as 'can't'" (said on every occasion of my prefacing a protest with "But Grandma, I *can't* . . ." wear this old skirt to the Senior Picnic, clean the chickencoop before dinner, write an essay on *The Chambered Nautilus*, et cetera) were frigid solace indeed, but I will say, they spurred me to action. I have accomplished more arduous tasks through spite than Grandma dreamed of. "I'll just show her!" was oftentimes my silent battlecry, and who knows? . . . maybe that's what she had in mind?

My sister Marcia and I frequently compare childhood notes, and she recalls that whenever she made importunate inquiries as to the evening's menu the dialogue would proceed in this manner:

Marcia . . . "What are we having for dinner tonight, Grandma?"
Grandma . . . "Air pudding and wind whip."

This exchange would make Marcia grind her teeth with rage. My favorite was a little bit of New England doggerel calculated to settle the following perplexity:

Me . . . "What on earth am I going to *do*? I've got two holes in my only green sweater!"
Grandma . . . "Use it up; wear it out; make it do; do without."

And since we grew up in the Depression years, that's just about all we *could* do. But it brought blood to my eye, nonetheless.

Probably the deciding factor in the unpleasantness generated by these conversations was the ratio of rightness/wrongness that existed between Grandma and myself. I always felt it to be about this way . . .

GRANDMA (RIGHT)
me (wrong)

. . . one, because I usually *was* wrong, in the final analysis; and two, because in spite of the deadly aptness of her remarks, I always sensed the inequality of the combat. But then back of all *that*, I knew these uppercuts to the ego were a form of solicitude for my welfare. It was very confusing, and it still is . . . less so with maturity, of course, but I will never, never, NEVER hear an "old saw" without feeling as though the teeth of it are running down my spine.

I have made a more or less detailed study of old savings and the people who say them. In these research endeavors I follow a fairly static plan. First I make a mental note of the maxim, then I make a mental note of the person, and resolve to avoid him/her as much as humanly possible, so as to cut down the chances of hearing more "home truths." Then I try at my leisure to decide just why such and such a saying is so irritating to me, and whether or not it does really embody a truth at all; and then I try to forget the statement altogether, which is impossible; I have the same kind of tenacious memory as did my grandmother.

This hobby has yielded some interesting conclusions which I will share with you ("Share not, have not," you know.) I've decided it isn't the aphorism, proverb or quotation *itself* that jars . . . it's the combination of persons and circumstances involved. Very often the simple sentence embodies a doctrine usually acceptable but rendered positively poisonous by the giver's tone of voice, expression of mouth, et cetera. And it must be timed right! You don't go up to a man who has just smashed his thumb with a hammer and say "Offer it up." At least I hope you don't. You'll only say it once. And you don't stride through the crowd watching a fire to say in unctuous tones to the late home's owner "The ways of God are not our ways," because right then, unless he's possessed of the resignation of St. Lawrence on the gridiron, he's going to feel like hitting you with a shovel.

I think the grating element in most old maxims is their smugness. They usually rhyme, which is smug in itself, or else they have a catchy rhythm to them that makes them sound oracular. I maintain the same rhythm applied to nonsense can make it seem just as sage; and sometimes, such are the caprices of semantics, these put-up proverbs make almost as much sense as the originals. My own favorites are "Half a loaf is worth two in the bush," "A stitch in time gathers no moss," and "If at first you don't succeed, go home and have a beer."

Anyhow, Grandma never said *that*. From which I take a certain sort of satisfaction.

NOTA BENE

For friends of realism, Regnery Publishers are offering a rare treat . . . a volume of photographs telling the story of Lourdes and Saint Bernadette Soubirous. The text is by Bernadette's authorized biographer, Monsignor Francis Trochu. The compilation is by Leonard Matt, covering the miraculous history from 1858 to the present. Again, vital statistics: *St. Bernadette, Henry Regnery Company*, $7. And worth more.

SQUASH, ANYONE?

I'll bet you've been pining away for a new recipe concerning the stuff-

Continued on page 30

See inside front cover for details

Mostly for Women

Continued from page 29

ing of squash! You haven't? Oh well, why not try this one anyway, just to be a good sport?

Winter Squash, California Style

Beg, borrow or steal three likely-looking acorn squash. Split down the middle lengthwise (this takes either an axe or a *very* sharp knife) and scoop out the seeds and stringy stuff.

Place said squash open side up in a large shallow pan, and add an inch or so of water, to keep them from becoming too dry. Fill hollows with the following:

FILLING
(per squash half)
1 heaping tablespoon brown sugar
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon melted *butter*
Small sprinkling salt.

Now bake until squash is tender to the tine of a fork (about an hour). A 350 F. oven is best for this process. Serve as the main dish on Friday or as a vegetable . . . but remember, it's pretty hefty fare. And pretty good, too. (P.S. *Happy Thanksgiving!*) †

Island Doctor

Continued from page 28

Avoiding the priest's eyes, Ben stormed, "The mother refuses permission. She insists on taking the child to mainland, or waiting until Moon comes over to operate. Naturally, ethically, my hands are tied. I can't force them to let me do surgery."

"Is there danger in waiting?"

"Of course there's danger. Peritonitis. It's criminal. Well." In guilty haste, Ben walked toward the door. "It's poor consolation, but we tried. About all we can do now is hurry back and try to contact the Coast Guard." He paused.

"Are you coming, Father?"

"Are you going, Doctor?"

Ben's hand fell from the doorknob. "You know, don't you? You know why I'm leaving the Island."

Father Shannon nodded.

"I've lost my courage." The words, spoken to this man, came almost easily. "And a frightened doctor is worse than useless. He's a danger to his patients. A frightened doctor isn't a doctor."

"Unless he regains his courage."

"I've tried. I've tried! For six months I've fought this thing. This fear. I swore that I'd beat it. I swore that, alone. . . ." He stopped.

"Swore. Alone." The priest repeated the clashing words "God pity you, Doctor."

Something hard and cold in Ben cracked. "I'm afraid, Father. I'm afraid to operate on that child. On Patty Doyle's brother. You understand."

The priest nodded.

"Look. I mean, look. I'm shot inside. My judgment is gone. Maybe it would be better to take the child to mainland. Decent operating rooms. Nurses. Trained surgeons."

The priest was like stone.

"I'm afraid."

"All men are. But wise men fear the right things." Father Shannon turned back to the picture. Ben opened the door, and the wind shrilled in; wind that would be whipping the channel into fury. He closed the door.

"All right," he rasped. "All right. I'll operate. Will you speak to the mother?"

Father Shannon did not move.

"I'll need your help, Father." The thin back was rigid. "And one thing more." The cold, hard thing in Ben shattered. "Pray for me."

The priest's body relaxed. He turned and went to the sick child's bedroom. "Mrs. Doyle," he said.

Ben walked stiffly to the faded picture of Mother and Child. Awkwardly, trying to remember, he knelt as he had seen the priest do in Church.

Walking through the early dawn toward the village, Ben turned to the little man beside him. "You make a fine surgical assistant, Father." The priest laughed and they walked on together. Beside the door of the Church they paused.

"Could I ask something, Father?"

"Of course."

"It's Sunday today, isn't it?"

"It is."

"People will be coming to Church."

"Many will. Not enough, but many."

"Can anyone?"

"Of course."

"Even when they don't know how to pray? Even when they're—like me? Rotten with pride. Hating. Unworthy. Terribly unworthy."

The priest's smile was a benediction. "You just did, Doctor."

"Did what?"

"Prayed."

Ben walked toward the village. He was cold. He was scratchy-eyed and light-headed with exhaustion. He was hungry. He felt wonderful. †

Religion of Today's Jews

Continued from page 13

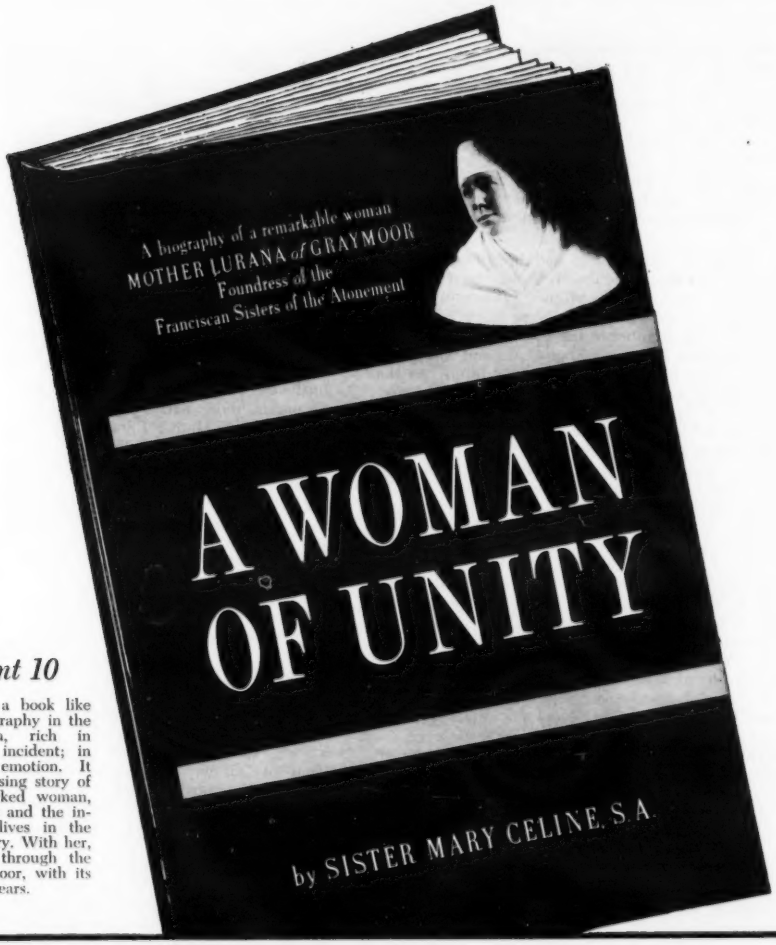
If a Jewish man turns to Reform Judaism, he indeed meets something that will gladden his American heart but will make his mind think that he is far away from Judaism. The Reform Temple will probably be in a suburban area, beautified by trees and foliage. It will be arranged somewhat like a Protestant church, with the ancient gallery for the women removed; there may be an organ, stained-glass windows, many of the prayers and readings in English, and a sermon during the service. Reform weddings and funerals particularly have done away with most of the traditional ceremonies. As for belief, the Reform does not accept the doctrine of a personal Messiah to come, the doctrine of Heaven and Hell, the doctrine of Biblical inspiration, the doctrine of bodily resurrection. The dietary laws for the most part are not followed.

Or the modern Jew may embrace Conservatism, which is a middle road between Orthodoxy and the Reform. The main difficulty in each of these three types of Judaism is that in each case we are dealing with a homemade religion that is being artificially constructed by men. Many Jews hold that Judaism is a progressive religion that must change with the times and the environments in which it exists. They believe that it should keep pace with modern science, psychotherapy and liberal politics, that it is important for Jewish self-respect as a bulwark against anti-Semitism, and that it is vital for keeping the Jewish people alive and united. But nowhere in their pronouncements does there seem to be room for the demands of God in the matter of religion.

Of the more than two million Jews who probably do practice their faith, it is difficult to estimate how many are in each major division. The figures roughly would be something like this: 420,000 families in the Orthodox; 200,000 families in the Conservative, and 200,000 families in the Reform. The Orthodox group, stemming directly from ancient times and holding on to traditional practices, is the largest segment. The Reform, rather broad and liberal in its changes in the beginning, has come now to a modifying period in which it is readopting some of the traditional practices of Israel and is trying to adapt the others to the American way of life.

The solution to this religious problem is far deeper now than just a matter of terminology. True, Israel is today an established nation, and those who live there are Israelites. But whether they and all the Jews of the Diaspora believe that they are the true Israel—the anointed and chosen ones of God—with all the conviction in their hearts is a debatable point, for their theological profession and their religious practice is now the feeble work of men and not the unerring revelation of the Eternal God. †

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan



Installment 10

Rare today is a book like this . . . a biography in the great tradition, rich in character and incident; in thought and emotion. It tells the engrossing story of a strongly marked woman, of her conflicts and the intertwining of lives in the past half century. With her, you will live through the birth of Graymoor, with its laughter and tears.

Chapter 6—(Continued)
Shepherdess of Wandering Sheep

At the business session of the Archdeaconry next morning, the reader of the previous night's lesson denounced Graymoor's Founder as disloyal and called for ecclesiastical censure. But another clergyman, a zealous and indefatigable missionary, arose and declared the resolutions just read gainst Father Wattson an outrage, surpassing anything of the kind he had ever listened to. "We of this Archdeaconry have invited a brother clergyman, of another diocese, in good canonical standing, to preach before us, and forthwith we proceed to indict the preacher as a heretic without the semblance of an ecclesiastical trial and brand him before the Church at large as a traitor and all because he advocated our reunion with the Mother Church of Rome, from which we were separated in an evil hour. Why, Mr. Chairman, I move you, sir, that these resolutions be laid on the table." And so they were! The silent Friar, sitting in the back of the church alone, was not a little consoled by the unexpected intervention of so stalwart a champion, and he saw in it only another evidence of that providential protection which, since he had begun to imitate Saint Francis, had never failed him.

That sermon in Greenport, however, closed well nigh every pulpit in the Episcopal Church to him. He became a sort of ecclesiastical pariah, shunned by his clerical brothers as though he were an outcast. But deep in his soul he knew he was doing God's Will and peace reigned within. It was part of the hundred-fold promised by our Blessed Lord.

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See inside front cover for details

Another part of the hundred-fold was Graymoor! For no matter how the storm raged around him, there were always loyalty, sympathy, and understanding awaiting him at home. The members on the mountain and in the valley, though few, were chosen souls and true. That he appreciated their loyalty is evident from his own words to the Sisters, "We wish to maintain this family spirit, as it is part of our Foundation. It is the work of the Holy Spirit and only by being faithful to our own spirit will we increase and multiply according to the Convenant promise."

The number of people who had heretofore taken a vital interest in the new-formed Society at Graymoor now dwindled considerably. Mother Lurana often told her daughters of one such who visited the convent. He was an influential member of the Episcopal Church who had heard of these Graymoor Franciscans and who wrote in friendly terms of his visit in the near future. As the Mother was tidying the sacristy one windy fall afternoon, the knocker sounded on the front door. She hastened to admit the visitor, who pleasantly greeted her, informing her in the same breath who he was. Here was Graymoor's opportunity! He was prominent and high in ecclesiastical circles. Mother Lurana graciously led him to the parlor. "Sister," he said solemly, "I should like to see Reverend Mother Lurana." The youthful Foundress in her Franciscan simplicity replied, "By the grace of God, Father, I am she." Mother Lurana was about five feet eight in height, but of a very slight build. She was at this time 32 years of age. The perfectly groomed ecclesiastic, shifting his spectacles, peered at her condescendingly. "Sister," he said reprovingly, "this is not a matter for jest. May I state again that I wish to see your Reverend Mother. A Reverend Mother who has years and years of experience. You are entirely too youthful." With the same naïve simplicity she repeated, "But, Father, I am she." This time the spectacles were removed entirely. Flourishing his cane, he pranced out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Quietly Mother Lurana moved to the window. Only a flurry of dust on the path denoted the departure of the irate clergyman. The Mother turned, entered the tiny chapel and knelt on the steps of the sanctuary. Her thoughts were confused. The reverend gentleman was gone. Perhaps he might have been a kind benefactor whose interest in Graymoor would have gone far to place it on the Anglican ecclesiastical map. How had she failed?

Another rap at the knocker aroused her. Once more she hastened to the door. Surely, a study in contrasts! For there before her stood a Brother Christopher, a name given to the men of the road, even at this early date, a name which means "Christ Bearer." Snatching the excuse of a cap from his head and bowing with all the gallantry of an old-world knight, he greeted her, "Good day, Lady, could you give me a bite to eat? I've been on the road all morning."

"Surely," replied the Mother. "Just step to that door at the right. Sister will give you a good, hot meal."

He turned in the direction indicated and it was then she noticed the old newspapers wrapped around his shoes. But he retraced the few steps he had taken. "God bless you, Ma'am," he said sincerely.

Again the Mother turned her steps towards the chapel. She stood in the center of the aisle looking up to the altar. There must have been a twinkle in those clear, blue eyes and surely there was a chuckle in her voice as she said half-aloud, "Too young! Well, Dear Lord, that's one fault I know with certainty will be remedied by time!" Then she slipped down to the kitchen with that "God bless you" of one of His poor ringing in her ears. She hoped Sister had at least an egg to give him.

So Graymoor's fair-weather friends left them on the flimsiest pretexts. And now that he was prohibited from preaching it was difficult for the Founder to reach people who should be receiving the message of reunion. Yet when God closes one way He always opens another to those of good will.

The words uttered by the Archdeacon on the occasion of that memorable sermon recurred again and again to the mind of Father Paul. Like his patron Saint Francis, he had taken Our Lord's words literally. He would let his light shine before men, he would not hide it under a bushel; he would kindle it on the Mount of the Atonement by publishing THE LAMP, and the good tidings of Unity should go forth to a disunited and unsettled world. Mother Lurana and her Sisters promised full cooperation; first of all by prayer; secondly, by assisting in the clerical work—in fact, most of this was done by the Sisters in those early days; thirdly, by helping in a financial way. Mother Lurana, like Father Paul, had no money, but she herself and her Sisters, in a beautiful spirit of Holy Poverty, went out seeking alms from the faithful. We find her writing, "The Sisters went to Newburgh begging, with success; Saint Joseph is most kind to us." "A heavy storm has been raging all day. I was much relieved when Sister Edith and Amelia returned in safety." And again, "Sisters returned safely from a very happy and successful visit in New York. How good Saint Joseph is to us!" And still again, "I drove Bessie, the horse, into Cold Spring, begging." Thus was THE LAMP's wick lighted!

The leading editorial in the first number of THE LAMP, issued on the Feast of Candlemas, 1903, was headed "Ut Omnes Unum Sint. To make plain the mission of THE LAMP and that it may never depart from its original aim until the goal is reached and the prize is won, the Savior's words, 'Ut Omnes Unum Sint.' 'That they all may be One,' will be printed as the headline of every page." To this very day every page of THE LAMP carries this prayer of Our Blessed Lord, and it was the hand of Mother Lurana which originally placed it there. To draw souls to the feet of the Holy Father, such is the aim and purpose of THE LAMP.

Thus Father Paul "let his light shine before men." Who can count the number of souls now at-one with the Eternal God, who were one time other sheep wandering afar, until influenced by the rays of THE LAMP.

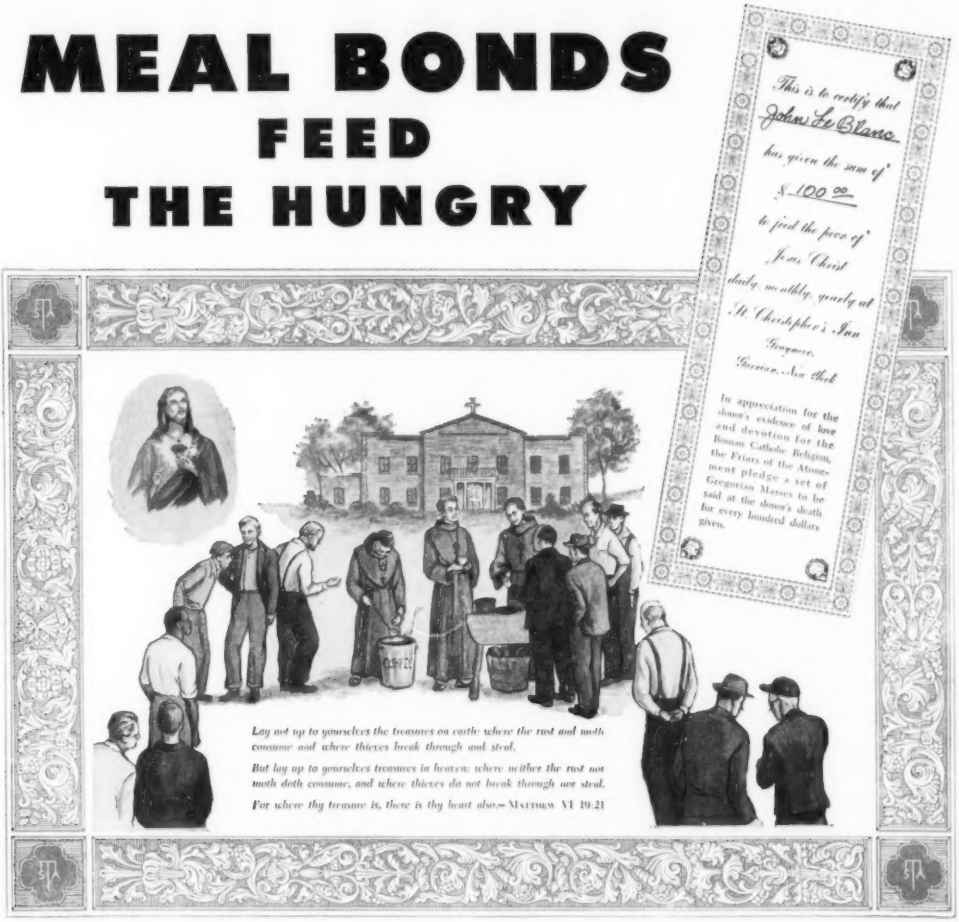
Chapter 7—That They All May Be One

MOTHER LURANA could never thank God enough for her Atonement vocation and for leading her to Graymoor. In a letter to her sister, she told of her great joy, "As I am writing early this exquisite morning, I wonder if you are looking out on anything half so lovely. My whole being is filled with such thankfulness."

In other ways, too, did God show His approval of the Society. Sister Edith, in relating one of these occurrences, said, "Our Lord does the nicest little things for us." One time, during a severe blizzard which lasted two or three days, the supply of bread gave out. The Sisters invoked Saint Anthony and, in doing so, showed a remarkable trust in the power of the Saint, for the roads were absolutely impassable. One of the Sisters happened to look out toward the driveway where quite distinctly she could discern a brown object. The Mother gave necessary permission to investigate and lo and behold, Sister returned with a long loaf of freshly baked Italian bread. There were no wagon wheel tracks nor were there any footprints to indicate the coming or going of the donor!

(Continued next month)

MEAL BONDS
FEED
THE HUNGRY



Every day poor discouraged friendless men come to St. Christopher's Inn hungry, footsore, and weary. We do what we can to take care of their needs and help them back on their feet. Last year we sheltered over 5,000 different men at St. Christopher's Inn and served them over 150,000 meals. At present, with our newly completed addition, St. Christopher's Inn can house 200 men.

Your Meal Bond will enable us to continue this good work.

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If you would like to know more about St. Christopher's Inn, what it is, how it began and what it does, we will be only too glad to send you a brochure.

Send bond subscriptions to the Father General, Graymoor, Garrison, New York

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$5.75	$9.00	$12.25	$15.50

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